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Portrait by Maurice Goldberg

LYDIA LIPKOWSKA

The beautiful Russian Soprano of the Chicago Opera, known the world over as an interpreter of her country's music, will make her comic opera debut in the forthcoming revival of the "Merry Widow."

DO ACTORS live long? I'll say they do. In fact, the longevity of players is remarkable. Our own time furnishes a long and notable list of footlight favorites who have reached and passed the honorable three score and ten. Joseph Jefferson was 76 when he died. Clara Morris, although no longer acting, is still hale and hearty at the respectable age of 72. Mrs. Whiffin, at 76, is the "grand old woman" of our stage. F. F. Mackay, who still acts occasionally, is in his eighties. Of the older generation of players George Holland died at 78 and James H. Hackett died at 71. Edwin Forrest was 65 when he died and Macready lived to see 80. The elder Wallack died full of honors in his 73rd year; his brother, Henry, passed away at 78. Fanny Kemble was 84 when she died. In the eighteenth century we find that Wilkes lived 88 years, Garrick 65, Mrs. Clive 75, Rich 70, Macklin 107, Betterton 75, Mrs. Siddons 77, Colley Cibber 86, Didbin 74, Yates 97, Mrs. Bracegirdle 85, Dowton 88, Farren 85, Mrs. Garrick 98.

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THE new season will see the inauguration of at least three distinct Little Theatre groups—all calling themselves repertory theatres. The first, "The Mask Playhouse," directed by Langdon McCormick and George Flateau, will be devoted to the presentation of thrillers of the Grand Guignol type. Mr. Flateau, who has just returned from France with blood-curdling manuscripts for the new playhouse, is convinced that drama will languish in America until we have a National institution like the Conservatoire. The efforts of the private dramatic school, he says, are too often wasted on pupils with plenty of money but less talent, while the more gifted are neglected. It is to remedy this defect, evidently, that Mr. Flateau and his colleagues have organized "The Mask Playhouse." The second house of this group is to be under the direction of Emanuel Reicher, who directed "Jane Clegg" and "The Power of Darkness." Mr. Reicher believes that the theatre's salvation lies in the old style repertory theatre—that is, a different bill every night, with occasional repetitions in the course of the week. And finally there is the American Repertory Theatre, which has already begun operations with "John Ferguson," in which are interested Whitford Kane, Iden Payne, Barry McCullum, Dixie Hines, May Buckley, and Ian Maclaren. This organization, the *dernier cri* in co-operation, is unique in that press agents, technicians and other members share in the labors of the casting department. So the good old repertory theatre is coming into its own once more with much beating of drums in Washington Square.

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A GENERATION ago the theatrical world saw a precedent established in New York that has never been equalled since, for three companies were simultaneously presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's opera "H. M. S. Pinafore" at different playhouses. Again, in 1901 William Faversham and James H. Hackett were appearing on Broadway in different versions of the same play, "Don Caesar de Bazan," one called "A Royal Rival" and the other "Don Caesar's Return." Next season, however, promises many duplicate presentations of the same characters for Charles Frohman, Inc. promises a "Don Juan" play by Edmond Rostand, and Frank Reicher promises one by Henri Bataille. Ben Iden Payne, of the Frohman forces, has written a play entitled "Poe," and the Selwyns have secured one by Samuel Shipman and Bernard Rethy entitled "Edgar Allan Poe." John Barrymore looked with favor on "Lord Byron" by Melanie Kroll until it was intimated that Josef Schildkraut was to impersonate Lord Byron in "The Pilgrim of Eternity" by Kair Kashrou Adaschir, the Persian husband of the American dramatist, Gladys Unger. As soon as David Belasco hinted at his production of "The Wandering Jew" by Temple Thurston, a pictureplay version of the story by Eugene Sue was announced, and as soon as George Arliss started filming his stage success of several seasons past, "Disraeli," word came of the revival of a film of the same title taken in England some years ago. It never rains but it pours!

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AVERY HOPWOOD on his recent overseas trip was bombarded everywhere with the question, "Surely you don't tolerate prohibition!" The playwright went abroad to inspect the drama in Spain, London, Paris, and Italy, but did not get much chance to talk about the theatre. Whenever he found himself in a theatrical group, the sole topic of conversation seemed to be about Gordon Gin and Old Green River. "Never mind Edmond Jones," they would say, "Tell us what sort of stuff your people are made of to stand for such humbug?" Everywhere the author of "The Gold Diggers" went,—on Piccadilly, on the Boulevards, on the Riviera—it was the same lament. No—stay—one other topic they showed an interest in—the rumor that our adherence to Jazz was flagging. From his interviews with French musicians, it seems they claim all modern music is built on Jazz. They especially noted Stravinsky and Debussy, the compositions of whom are permeated with synchopation, saxaphonation, desperation blues. In all, a surprising trip!

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THAT stirring drama can be found in almost every newspaper headline, the tyro playwright learned long ago. Out of the baffling Elwell mystery, which occupied the front page of every journal last summer, William Devereaux and George Broadhurst have devised "The Elton Case," the latter's first September offering. In the cast are Chrystal Herne, Charles Waldron, Byron Beasley, Ann Sutherland, Katherine Lowry and Percy Helton. Percy, it will be remembered, served distinguishedly during the War and was compelled to leave the company of "Three Live Ghosts" because the critics voted him "too young to have been to war, too young to fall in love."

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THE progress that the actor has made socially since Shakespeare's day when, both by law and social custom, he was classed as a vagabond, barely tolerated as a player, and considered thoroughly disreputable personally, an individual to be shunned by all decent folk, down to the present time when governments, institutions of learning, and private persons shower him with honors and attentions, is truly remarkable. It's only a brief span of three hundred years—a mere nothing as time flies—yet the player has succeeded in overcoming prejudice and impressing his importance upon the community quicker than members of any other profession. Today he ranks with the scientist, the explorer, the poet laureate who receive the grateful acknowledgement of entire peoples for service rendered to humanity. England has been particularly generous in her recognition of the player. Henry Irving was created a knight and given the additional distinction of burial in Westminster Abbey. Forbes-Robertson, Beerbohm Tree, George Alexander, John Hare all received the honor of knighthood. In France, Coquelin, Got, Sarah Bernhardt, Segond-Weber, Mounet-Sully, Lugné Poe, Réjane and other distinguished artists have been awarded the Legion of Honor. In this respect, France has been generous even to the foreigner. She gave the Legion of Honor to our Mary Garden, also to the Italian singer Caruso and the Russian singer Chaliapine, and now she has conferred the coveted red ribbon upon James K. Hackett, the first American actor to be so honored. The newspaper report that Congress is about to confer its Medal of

Honor on George M. Cohan for his untiring devotion to the American flag, has not been confirmed up to the time of going to press.

ALTHOUGH American stars, all the way from Doris Keane to Elsie Janis, and from Laurette Taylor to James K. Hackett, still go to England, fewer and fewer English stars now come to America. Years ago things were different, and the visits of London favorites were annual events, the number including Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Sir Henry Irving, Olga Nethersole, E. S. Willard, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Mrs. Langtry, Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson and Marie Tempest. On the other hand, many English actors who came here to play minor rôles remained to play leading ones, as was the case with William Faversham, Charles Cherry, Ernest Lawford and Bruce McRae. Very few American actors remained in England to establish reputations, but the number includes Joseph Coyne and James Carew, who married Ellen Terry. Of "America's" moving picture stars, Charles Chaplin is an Englishman and Mary Pickford is a Canadian. So, in the long run, it seems to be a case of six of one and half a dozen of the other.

JOSEF SCHILDKRAUT, who arrived on Broadway a few months ago with greater suddenness than Winnecke's comet, was recently expatiating on the sad state of the drama in these parts. "There are," he is quoted as saying, "but four people in America who can act—Mrs. Fiske, John Barrymore and Ben-Ami." But that, Josef, makes only three. Is it possible that there is no fourth? Or are we to infer—?

FRANZ MOLNAR, the Hungarian dramatist, well known in America as the author of "The Devil," and "Liliom," is the son of a wealthy Jewish merchant. He was born in Budapest forty-three years ago and began his literary career at the age of eighteen, writing sketches and humorous dialogues of such rare beauty and charm that they soon made him a national figure. He married the daughter of his editor, herself a journalist of note, but two years later was divorced from her and married an actress who had played rôles in his own plays. His English translator gives this interesting pen sketch of the dramatist: "For a portrait of him as he is today, you have to think of Oscar Wilde at the height of his glory. A big, pudgy face, immobile, pink, smooth-shaven, its child-like expressionlessness accentuated by the monocle he always wears, though rather belied by the gleam of humor in his dark, alert eyes. His hair is iron-gray, his figure stocky and of about medium height. A mordant wit, an inimitable *raconteur*, he loves life and gayety and all the luxuries of life. Nothing can persuade him out of his complacent and comfortable routine. He will not leave Budapest, even to attend the *première* of one of his plays in nearby Vienna. The post-war political upheaval which has rent all Hungary into two voluble and bitter factions left him quite unperturbed and neutral. His pen is not for politics. Yet, it is a singularly prolific pen. His novels and short stories are among the finest in Hungarian literature. He has written nine long plays and numerous short ones."

FRANZ MOLNAR
*Author of "Liliom," "The Devil," etc.*

THE Lucy Stone League has, since its recent organization in New York, attracted considerable attention, especially among actresses, for its principal purpose is to enable women to maintain their maiden names, legally as well as professionally. The president of the club is Miss Ruth Hale, wife of Mr. Heywood Broun, and an enthusiastic member is Miss Elsie Ferguson, wife of Thomas B. Clark, Jr. It seems only sensible to allow women who have gained fame and fortune through their maiden names to transact business under such signatures. Miss Marjorie Moreland, as the widow of a famous actor, may sign herself Mrs. Nat C. Goodwin, but surely her two surviving predecessors may call themselves Miss Edna Goodrich and Miss Maxine Elliott, while Miss Blanche Ring and Miss Nora Bayes may put those words on checks although they have both had three husbands. Miss Lilian Russell has gone them one better, with four husbands, but will always remain Miss Russell in the affections of the general public. There are, of course, many cases in which actresses have made famous the names of their husbands, as for instance, Mrs. Brown Potter, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Fiske, to say nothing of the late Mrs. Gilbert and the surviving Mrs. Whiffin. But the very thought of Ellen Terry being "Mrs. James Carew" or of Sarah Bernhardt being "Madame Jacques Damala" is preposterous! . . .

VARIOUS rumors presage the return of Mrs. Patrick Campbell to America. Fortune has not been kind to her since her last tour in the United States. Since she "supported" James K. Hackett, in London last Spring, she has appeared in a monologue spoken in front of a "movie." She has continued, however, to live in her own home, with six servants, the usual splendor as befits a leading actress. There was a rumor in London of giving her a benefit which would, of course, have been a famous event that all England would have favored, for Mrs. Campbell is one of the few remaining great English actresses. Her beauty is maintained by the unceasing animation of her moods. She has lost none of her gift for repartee. Recently she was invited to a dinner. At the last moment she could not find the house. Finally she induced a policeman to hunt for it with her. She arrived at the party very late, escorted by the policeman. Her greeting to her host was, "Really you're very obscure, my dear, you're not even known to the police."

IT IS generally conceded that the distinction of having received the largest royalties of last season went to Avery Hopwood with his half-shares in "The Bat" and "Spanish Love," together with his full share of "The Gold Diggers," but Frank Bacon, as author of "Lightnin'" and James Montgomery, as author of "Irene," also prospered exceedingly. Now comes Crane Wilber, the actor who gained recognition as a movie star and later as a vaudeville performer, with three new plays for the new season, "Good Morning, Caroline," "Arabian Nighties," and "An Imported Wife," the first to be produced by A. H. Woods, and the two others by George Broadhurst. So, Mr. Hopwood must look to his laurels!

OF all the arts, the art of acting invites intellectual inquiry in the mind of the actor. It involves a dual personality. Actors and actresses who discover this in the course of their stage experience often turn to psychology for an explanation. Mme. Nazimova, who has always given poetic interpretation of her characters on the stage has become enamored of psycho-analysis. It is like crystal maze to her, the further she penetrates into the introspective mirrors of her own reflections, the more puzzling it becomes. To a friend she admitted that, after reading and studying innumerable books on the subject, she feels like a child lost in a new world. The distracting question always confronting her is the source of her dual personality. The dangerous thing about psycho-analysis to the acting art is that it complicates a very complicated occupation.

STILL another theatre—the Earl Carroll Theatre which is to stand at Seventh Avenue and Fiftieth Street, New York City. Revolutionary in purpose and design will be this new temple of Thespis. This theatre has been especially planned for Mr. Carroll so he may produce plays according to his own wishes. The house will be intimate, having a seating capacity of only 1,000, but the stage will be one of the largest in New York. A special feature will be the complete elimination of the usual cyclorama drop and the substitution of a cement-coated back wall upon which colored lights will play to create the distant effects of the horizon—an idea taken from the continental stage.

# THE SCENE IS LAID—

*Tactics employed by Shakespeare and the modern playwright to arouse the interest of their audience*

*By* BRANDER MATTHEWS

EVERY student of the stage is under obligation to Sir Arthur Wing Pinero for the distinction he has drawn between the strategy and the tactics of the drama—strategy defining the unchanging and eternal principles of playmaking and tactics serving to describe the methods of performance, continually modified by changing conditions in the theatre and by the many improvements in presentation due to the advancing complexity of civilization. Strategy imposes on the playwright the duty of arousing the interest of the audience, of retaining it, of increasing it as the action progresses, and finally of satisfying it. Tactics are never permanent; and in the past they have varied from century to century and from country to country. Where Aeschylus could delight the eyes of the Attic audiences by the stately evolutions of the chorus, Shakespeare found his profit in alarms and excursions, in witches and ghosts.

We are so accustomed to the tactics proper in our theatre today, that we have to make a resolute effort to appreciate the propriety of the tactics employed by the playwrights of long ago. It is because the tactics of Shakespeare differ as widely from those of Molière, as the tactics of Ibsen differ from those of Euripides, that not a few careless critics have failed to perceive that all four of these great playwrights were unconsciously working in accord with the same principles of strategy. Aeschylus and Shakespeare, Molière and Ibsen, each in his own time, and each in accord with the conditions of his theatre and with the conventions which his audiences were in the habit of accepting, was availing himself of the means at his command to arouse, to retain, to increase, and to satisfy the interest of those who might come to see his plays.

THE strategy of the drama is necessarily the same whether the work in hand is a tragedy or a comedy, a melodrama or a farce. A good play is a good play, whether it is an empty artificiality or an authentic study of human nature. A play may owe an ephemeral vogue in the theatre to its felicitous interpretation of the mood of the moment, to its spectacular embellishments, to the powerful personality of an actor of compelling force, or even to the personal charm of a beautiful actress. But its success will be insubstantial unless it is built in accord with the unvarying principles of playmaking, with that strategy of the drama which is as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and the Persians. Aeschylus's Theatre of Dionysus is in ruins, the site of Shakespeare's Globe theatre is not known with absolute certainty, Molière's Palais Royal theatre has long since been destroyed; yet the masterpieces which delighted the spectators who flocked to these playhouses in Athens, in London and in Paris, abide with us today to testify to the fact that they were constructed in accord with the unwritten rules of dramaturgic strategy even if they also reveal their compliance with the tactics which were satisfactory to their several audiences.

Many, if not most, of the differences in the tactics employed in the theatres of different times and of different countries, have been due to the modifications of the methods of indicating to the spectators the place or places where the several episodes of the story are supposed to occur.

THE Athenian theatre could have had little or no scenery, as we now understand the term. There was a long dressing-house in the rear of the orchestra, serving as a background

J. B. POQUELIN DE MOLIERE

*The first of the modern playwrights to use scenery and lighted stage*

and having doors which might be used as the entrances to a palace or a temple. It is possible that there might be placed in front of this a rock or two to indicate a mountain pass, or a tree or two to indicate a grove. But if these ever were utilized they were inadequate identification of the precise spot; and so we find the Attic dramatists carefully informing us in the first score or two of lines, what the precise spot was, a dread defile in the Caucasus, the king's palace at Thebes, the residence of Medea at Corinth. Where the action begins, there it ends—at least in the immense majority of the tragedies which have come down to us. Yet as this action, however massive it might be, had a story simple almost to the point of bareness, as we moderns may think, the dramatist had little difficulty in assembling his characters and in making them come together, one after another, in the appointed place.

The Elizabethan theatre was also devoid of anything we should today call scenery. It had a bare stage, with a gallery at the back shut off by the hanging curtains, which could be drawn aside or looped up to reveal any inner room that might be called for. Therefore, as there was no scenery to change, there could be no change of scene. It used to be believed that the succession of places which we may discover in any one of Shakespeare's plays was indicated by the display of placards identifying each of these places in turns. For this belief there is little warrant; in any case, these placards would not have enlightened the illiterate groundlings who stood in the yard.

We must remember that the divisions of Shakespeare's pieces into acts and scenes was not his doing: it was the work of his editors long after his death, and this division is most unfortunate as it misrepresents Shakespeare's practice. Shakespeare really laid his scene on the stage of the Globe Theatre, on the unadorned platform which served as a neutral ground where any two characters might meet. Whenever he saw advantage in having his audience know what that neutral ground must be at a given moment in his story, then he lets one of the characters tell—if need be, frankly asking the name of the place, and perhaps describing it so that the spectators might visualize it for themselves as best they could. This Elizabethan practice, inherited from the medieval drama, made things easy for the playwright, because if the stage was a neutral ground which might be anywhere, any two characters could meet and talk and make love and quarrel without the spectators having any right to question the probability of their coming together at any precise spot. It may seem to us a primitive method; but it was perfectly satisfactory to Shakespeare's contemporaries and he made it serve his purpose. It is one of the reasons, however, why it is so difficult to adjust his plays to our modern stage where every locality is made manifest by its appropriate scenery.

SHAKESPEARE was more or less medieval in his methods; and Molière is the first of the moderns in that his theatre was roofed and lighted and had scenery, sparse as this was. As he shared his stage with a company of Italian comedians, we find him in the majority of his plays, utilizing the convenient set of the Comedy-of-Masks—a public square with two houses on each side in one or another of which the more important characters were supposed to reside. It was natural enough for the characters to happen upon one another in a public square; and if they chose to discuss their private affairs outdoors they were only conforming to what is more or less the custom in Italy to the present day. In Molière's loftier plays, in a social drama like "Tartuffe," and in a high-comedy like the "Femmes Savantes," the chief characters all belong to a single family; and it is, therefore, natural for them to meet in the main room of the family residence. Thus it is, that Molière is able to comply with the rule prescribing Unity of Place—that the scene of all the acts should be the same. (*To be concluded next month*).

Lily Lubell as Columbine and Albert Carroll as Harlequin in the Italian scene

Photos by Pach Bros.

Whitford Kane, Ian Maclaren, Albert Carroll, Lily Lubell and Joanna Roos in the Georgian scene

"The Harlequinade" is an excursion—the travels of the gods on earth, whither they have come to teach men the truth. And because Art is more persuasive than argument they become artists—generally actors. Their wanderings include Italy in the sixteenth century England in the eighteenth, and America "the day after tomorrow"

## NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYERS IN DELIGHTFUL FANTASY

# THE JEW AS A HUMAN BEING

*George Sidney the first to lift the Hebrew out of caricature*

*By* CAROL BIRD

THERE was a time, not so long ago, when a Hebrew comedian without a beard and dialect wouldn't have been considered a Hebrew comedian at all. And if ever a producer had been so presumptious as to put out a play in which a Hebrew character wasn't supposed to be funny, he would have sounded his own financial doom. Who, in those days, would have expected a Jew on the stage to do much more than mutter "Oi, Oi," place his finger at his nose in the manner of an oath, and talk about gefilte fish and the clothing business? No one. The Hebrew characters were all modeled along the same lines. They were the Charlie Chaplins of their race. So true did they all run to the same type that few persons, outside of the Hebrew race itself, ever dreamed but what the average Jew in his home acted the same way as did his prototype on the stage.

Every one laughed at Jakie's queer, crooked nose, at his funny, too-large derby hat, which slid down over his big, protruding ears, at his large, flat feet which pointed out, his sizes too-large second-hand dress-suit, at the strange, guttural sounds he made every time he talked. Every second word he uttered was "mazuma" or "gelt." If the scene happened to show him at table, he was always drinking his soup, or ordering his dishes price first. Afterwards he wept and kissed the coin tip he left, if he ever left any. He was always in the clothing business, and he invariably wore large diamond stickpins and diamond rings.

NO one ever dreamed that a day would come when a stage Hebrew would be cast as anything but a comedian—a grotesque, a burlesquer of his race, a magnifier of racial characteristics. That the day would arrive when the stage would introduce a Jew as he really is, without his burlesque trimmings—shorn of his beard and accent, and his extravagant hand gestures, diamond-less, and far from vulgar—seemed in those days of careless burlesque-comedy, quite impossible.

But the miracle happened. Today theatre-goers are given the opportunity to see on the stage a Jew as he really is—say at home—kindly—loveable, childishly affectionate, droll, humorous, extraordinarily fond of his family and all the things connected with his home. There may sometimes be an air of pathos about him, he may appear slightly tragic at times, or he may be extremely shrewd in business deals, but rarely nowadays is he shown as he most assured is not, nine cases out of ten—a vulgarian, crude, unfamiliar with the English language, raving constantly about money.

George Sidney is one of the first, if not the original pioneer, to break new paths in stage history for the Hebrew actor. Mr. Sidney, in the leading rôle in "Welcome Stranger," at the Sam H. Harris theatre, shows that a man with even such a name as Isidore Solomon can be a simple, loveable man, with the same small faults and the same share of excellent attributes as any other human being. He portrays the new type of stage Jew, and he does it so well and so naturally, that without realizing it, or striving for it, he has become a sort of propagandist for his race.

SOME eight or ten years ago, George Sidney was the then regulation type of Hebrew stage character. He wore a heavy beard, he had a thick dialect, he impersonated clothing merchants, diamond vendors, and the like. In fact, he was starring in a road show called "Busy Izzy." That title should tell you just what kind of a rôle he handled. You should be able to visualize him easily as he was then. His work was not distasteful to him. He was merely giving the public what it wanted, what is expected, and what it was willing to pay for. He knew that all Jews were not hustling, grabbing, money-mad little clothing merchants, with sometimes repellent mannerisms, that, in fact, perhaps only one out of a thousand was anywhere near that type. But if the public had a preconceived notion that Jews were like that, well, why disillusion them?

Mr. Sidney had to make his living, just as did Irish comedians, Swede comedians, and German comedians. So he just kept on doing what was expected of him. And then one day he met an actress who is now a well-known and popular Broadway star. As soon as she was introduced to him, and spoke to him for a few minutes, her eyes brightened, and she seemed excited over something. But she didn't explain the cause. A few days later a theatrical manager of the company in which the actress was then playing, sent for Mr. Sidney. As soon as he glanced at him, he, too, acted in the same fashion as did the actress when meeting him a few days before. Then he broke the surprising news. He wanted Mr. Sidney to star in a new play which he was then considering, a play in which the leading character was a Jew—not a Jew comedian, but a regular, ordinary, every-day, human being.

Mr. Sidney is noted for his lack of arrogance, for his habit of self-depreciation, for his extreme modesty, surprising attributes for one who has spent his life in the atmosphere of the theatre. This atmosphere is not exactly conducive to self-effacement, perhaps you know. At any rate, Mr. Sidney expressed his surprise at the request. Also, he turned down the flattering offer.

WHAT! You expect me to appear without a beard and speak without a dialect!" he exclaimed in astonishment. "Why, I couldn't do it. My dialect is part of me by this time. My beard is as necessary to me as is my nose. No, you will have to select some one else. I am a Hebrew comedian. Who would ever expect me to play a serious rôle?"

But when the author of the new play met Mr. Sidney, he too, joined the chorus of requests for him to give himself a chance in a new branch of the profession. Finally, after much urging he was prevailed upon to accept the rôle of a theatrical manager, a sort of match-maker of a traveling company, in the play called "The Show-Shop." To Mrs. Sidney he gives the credit for his ultimate decision. When she learned that he had been given an opportunity to doff the much-hated beard, a part of his make-up which she especially despised, she implored him to take advantage of it.

Mr. Sidney, in his dressing room at the Harris, told about the difficulties he experienced when first taking the plunge from the field of practically burlesque comedy to straight drama:

"I couldn't refrain from raising my voice in protest every once in a while. I protested about the play itself, at first. I didn't believe that the general public would be interested in a play which dealt entirely with life back stage—with the theatrical profession.

"When my fears on this score were dissipated, I began worrying about my accent. I kept asking every one I met whether I talked like an American or not. I was fearful that during a most important scene I might launch into dialect, and bring forth laughter instead of tears. That difficulty over with, I became anxious about getting my lines letter-perfect. In the work I had been doing, many of the lines were extemporaneous. It seemed a dreadful responsibility to be forced to memorize every utterance, word for word, and it worried me to think that every one in the cast took his or her cue from some one else, and that the dropping of a word might mess the whole thing.

I FELT strange in my new make-up, a regulation business suit. When I saw groups of actors or those connected with the play standing around during rehearsals looking at me I wondered what comments they were making. Did they think my short, fat, funny build only suited to comedy rôles, and entirely unfitted for the one I was portraying? I was told to drop all comedy, and just act natural. As a result, I felt strangely lost. Shorn of my regular habiliment, of my beard, my accent, my mannerisms, my comedy lines, I felt that I was not acting. I was convinced that neither the play nor I would go over. Constant worry drove me into insomnia. When I did sleep it was fitful. I spoke my lines in my sleep, I muttered, and groaned and sobbed during the long hours of the night. My rest was shattered completely. I felt that I never could go through with the thing.

"But I did. And everything turned out all right. And after that I knew that I would never be willing to portray the old-time Hebrew comedian again."

As far as build, and personal appearance is concerned, Mr. Sidney seems better equipped to play comedy or burlesque comedy. He

(*Continued on page* 196)

# LITTLE STORIES OF THE STAGE

## "THE FORTUNES OF FLORA"

DRAWN BY
SEDDIE ASPELL

THE DEBUT

HARDSHIPS

A PART

A HIT

THE PLAYWRIGHT

# SHAKESPEARE UP TO DATE

*Othello over-awed by a modern Desdemona, is glad to escape with a whole skin*

*By* EARL BARROY

*Illustration by Malcolm La Prade*

IT'S splendid that Othello choked Desdemona!"

Amazed, I turned to my pretty neighbor in the next seat.

"Beg your pardon?"

"I find it splendid that everything finished so fortunately!"

"Fortunately?"

"Of course! The felicity of any tragedy lies in the fact that the heroes die in the fifth act. God knows into what triviality their domestic life would turn if this did not happen. Everything in life which is not tragedy is comedy; there is no middle course. Instead of an inspiring tragedy we should have, in all probability, a most flat and stale comedy."

Granted, for the sake of argument, that my pretty neighbor is right. What do we have? Iago has not calumniated Desdemona. Othello has not choked her and therefore has not stabbed himself. He still governs the Island of Crete. Desdemona, in the capacity of Governor's wife, arranges receptions.

ACT V.

Desdemona's bedroom. Night. Othello enters on tiptoe and extinguishes the light. He wishes to remain unnoticed, and is well aware that it is impossible to see a black Moor in the dark. Othello takes off his sword, etc., climbs up the steps leading to the bed, but inadvertently nudges Desdemona.

DESDEMONA: (*Starting as though she had just awakened*) Who's there?

OTHELLO: (*Whispering*) It's I, sweetie! I! Your Othello! . . . Whom do you suppose?

DESDEMONA: Turn on the switch. I can't see your black face in the dark.

OTHELLO: But dearie . . . .

DESDEMONA: Don't dearie me! Turn on the light.

OTHELLO: All right, sweetie, don't get excited. It isn't good for your complexion.

DESDEMONA: You had better look at your own complexion! Just like a fresh shined boot!

OTHELLO: (*Somewhat hurt*). Was I any different color when you married me?

DESDEMONA: Girls are blind when they're about to get married. We only get sense after marriage. Where have you been? Don't lie, now! I want the truth.

OTHELLO: My dear you mustn't forget I am the Governor of Crete. State affairs . . . .

DESDEMONA: Oh, don't try and pull that with me. State business at night! I know where you were—drinking with some . . .

OTHELLO: Precious one!

*It's I, sweetie! I—your Othello!*

DESDEMONA: Shut up! You're a low-down, deceitful nigger!

OTHELLO: A nigger?

DESDEMONA: Yes, a nigger! You think I know nothing of your goings on! I know how you've been vamping Mme. Iago! Iago told me all about it.

OTHELLO: Iago! Every schoolboy knows that Iago is a d——d liar.

DESDEMONA: Oh, of course! Everybody's rotten except you! You are the only one that's decent around here. To think I could have seen anything in this Blackamoor, this chimney sweep! My father was right when he said you had hypnotized me. And how you reward me! Black ingratitude I call it. What else could one expect from a nigger?

OTHELLO: Mme. Othello, you forget yourself! I am not a nigger, I am a Moor! We were civilized when your ancestors had caudal appendages and were still swinging from trees.

DESDEMONA: Just the same—some soot! And for this I gave up everything! I sacrificed my youth, my beauty, my social position, my relations; I abandoned my beautiful, gay Venice to vegetate on this disgusting island! . . . Changed a position in the world for a position in the sea!

OTHELLO: You must not forget that I made you a Governor's wife!

DESDEMONA: Great honor, indeed! I could now be Mme. Roderigo, a patrician of Venice! But tell me—I insist—where have you been? (*Aggressively*). Where have you been?

OTHELLO: (*Wiping the sweat from his brow with a handkerchief*). Mama, dear, I . . . .

DESDEMONA: A handkerchief! Whose handkerchief is that? A lady's handkerchief with a monogram! Whose is it?

OTHELLO: (*Absolutely bewildered*). Mama! . . . .

DESDEMONA: Oh, blood! I see blood! I loved this man to desperation, and now he double-crosses me . . . . Whose handkerchief is it?

OTHELLO: Dearie! . . . .

DESDEMONA: Here, take that! (*She gives him such a slap in the face that a startled voice from the closet cries out, "Oh!"*

OTHELLO: (*Rushing towards the closet*). Somebody's in there!

DESDEMONA: Don't open that closet, you'll crush my dress.

OTHELLO: You are lying, Madame! It's true you have screaming dresses—you like to dress yourself too loud—but still, dresses can't yell "Oh!" (*He opens the closet, wherefrom calmly steps Cassio, and stands very upright, in a military attitude*).

OTHELLO: Cassio!

CASSIO: Yes, Excellency!

OTHELLO: Here, at this hour! Then Iago was right when he intimated . . . . and I, black fool, didn't believe him! Answer me,

(*Continued on page* 200)

Portrait by Edward Thayer Monroe

**ELSIE FERGUSON**

The films may lure Elsie Ferguson from the footlights, but never for very long. Her return to the stage this season will be in a play by Zoe Akins, the title of which has not yet been announced, but which, if we can make inferences from that author's "Déclassée," will afford ample opportunity for the display of Miss Ferguson's elegance and distinction

MARGALO GILLMORE

The young actress who first came into prominence in the "The Famous Mrs. Fair" will have the leading feminine rôle in "The Straw" a gloomy drama by Eugene O'Neill which George C. Tyler will produce early in the Autumn

Campbell

Lewis-Smith

HELEN HAYES

Another Booth Tarkington heroine will fall to the lot of the popular star of "Clarence" when the Fall assignments go through. The play is "The Wren," and it will first be seen in Boston in September

© Moffett

HELEN MacKELLAR

Who has been on tour this past season in "The Storm," will be starred in Fanny Hurst's play, "Back Pay," scheduled by Al. Woods for early Fall production

## NAMES ON THE FALL THEATRICAL ROSTER

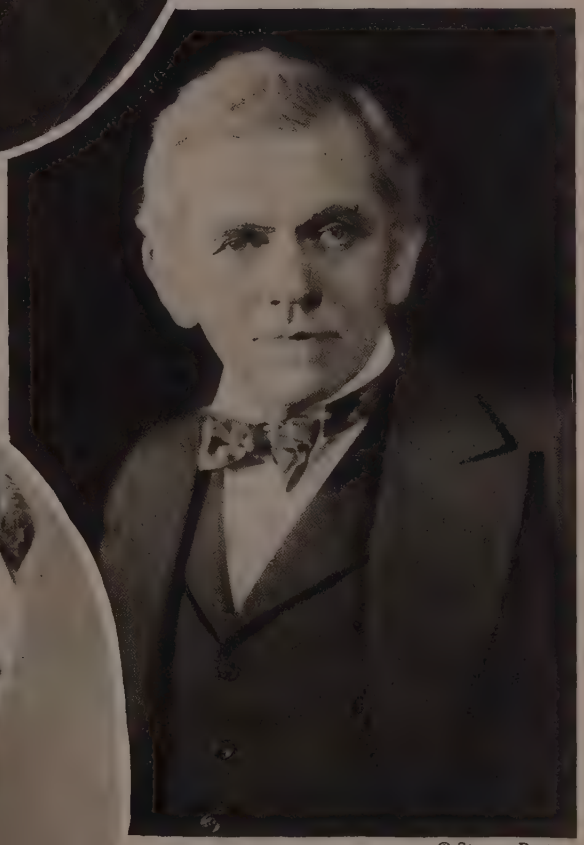
LYNNE OVERMAN

The comedian whose overnight rise to stardom in "Just Married" has been a nine days' wonder, began life as a jockey, and reached Broadway by the most devious of paths, which included a season on a houseboatPlaying along the Mississippi levees and active service in the U. S. Navy. In New York he has been seen in "Oh Boy" and "Honey Boy'

Daguerre

DAVID WARFIELD

Announcement—annually made and always welcome—that next season will bring around a revival of "The Return of Peter Grimm," and that handkerchiefs will be much in evidence at the Belasco Theatre where Mr. Warfield will be seen in one of the most popular of his rôles



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AL JOLSON

Al without grease paint is a rare sight indeed, but he interrupted his tour in "Sinbad" just long enough to pose for this photograph *au naturel.* This year—if Fortune favors Broadway—he will be seen in the neighborhood of 50th Street in a new revue

White

CHARLES PURCELL

The leading man in "The Right Girl," which is now travelling around the country, is a familiar enough figure in the world of musical comedy

FAVORITES OF THE STRONGER SEX

# "MR. PIM PASSES BY"

## *Comedy in three acts by A. A. Milne*

*THE author of "Mr. Pim Passes By," which has proved to be one of the Theatre Guild's greatest successes, was for many years editor of* PUNCH *and a frequent contributor to its sparkling columns. This is his first play, a delightful light comedy of English life, in which the deft touch of the gentle satirist is evident. The following excerpts are reprinted here by kind permission of The Theatre Guild and George H. Doran, publishers.*

*Copyright* 1921 *by A. A. Milne.*

THE play deals with the events of a day in the home of a conventional English country gentleman, when a doddering, old stranger passes by and inadvertently mentions a half forgotten name. The action lingers for a moment over a tragedy that might have happened, but quickly rights itself and proceeds on its merry way under the expert direction of a charming and deliciously humorous woman.

Mr. Pim, an amiable, absent-minded, old fellow, calls one bright summer morning at the home of the Mardens with a letter of introduction to Mr. George Marden. But he finds, instead, Marden's young niece, Dinah, in a very communicative mood. The reason for this soon becomes evident. Dinah has just had a proposal of marriage from Brian Strange, a young artist, and not yet having told her family of this momentous event, lets it out on the bewildered visitor—together with other details of the family history. Pim manages to beat a more or less dignified retreat before Marden's return, leaving Dinah and her young man to face the family. In the family conference that follows, the forces seem to be divided. Olivia (Mrs. Marden) can see no objection to the marriage but not so George, who is full of objections. Brian is an artist—a futurist at that—and a socialist, and, in all probability, unable to support a wife. All this he explains in detail to Olivia after the children have gone out.

GEORGE: In short, I cannot approve of Brian Strange as a husband for my niece and ward.

OLIVIA: You are a curious mixture, George. You were so very unconventional when you married me, and you're so very conventional when Brian wants to marry Dinah. George Marden to marry the widow of a convict!

GEORGE: Convict! What do you mean?

OLIVIA: Jacob Telworthy, convict—No, I've forgotten his number. But surely I told you all this, dear, when we got engaged?

GEORGE: Never!

OLIVIA: Oh, but I told you how he carelessly put the wrong signature to a cheque for a thousand pounds in England; how he made some little mistakes about two or three companies he'd promoted in Australia, and how—

GEORGE: Yes, yes; but you never told me he'd been *convicted*.

OLIVIA: What difference does it make?

GEORGE: My dear Olivia, if you can't see that —Oh, well! Oh! a convict!

OLIVIA: So, you see, we needn't be too particular about our niece, need we?

GEORGE: Well, I think we had better leave your first husband out of the conversation altogether. I never wished to refer to him; I never wish to hear his name again. I certainly had not realized that he was actually—er—convicted for his—er—

OLIVIA: Mistakes.

GEORGE: Well, we needn't discuss that now. With regard to this other matter, I don't for a moment take it seriously. Dinah is an exceptionally pretty girl, and young Strange is a good looking boy. If they are attracted to each other, it is a mere outward attraction which I am convinced will not lead to any lasting happiness. This must be regarded as my last word on the matter, Olivia.

Schwarz

Pim (Herbert Yost) George (Kenneth Douglas) Olivia (Laura Hope Crewes)

*Pim: Telworthy! An unusual name, isn't it? Not a name you could forget, once you'd heard it.*

While the affairs of Brian and Dinah are thus hanging in the balance, Mr. Pim returns to finish his business with Mr. Marden.

GEORGE: Ah, Mr. Pim, we meet at last. Sorry to have kept you waiting before.

PIM: The apology should come from me, Mr. Marden, for having—

GEORGE: Not at all. Very glad to meet you now. Any friend of Brymer's. You want a letter to this man Fenshawe?

OLIVIA: Shall I be in your way at all?

PIM: Oh no, no; please don't.

GEORGE: It's only just a question of a letter. Fenshawe will put you in the way of seeing all that you want to see. He's a very old friend of mine. (*He sits down at the writing table and takes a sheet of note paper*). You'll stay to lunch, of course?

PIM: It's very kind of you, but I'm lunching with the Trevors.

GEORGE: Ah, well, they'll look after you all right. Good chap, Trevor.

PIM: Oh, very good—very good. You see, Mrs. Marden, I have only recently arrived from Australia (*Olivia stops sewing and looks up*) and I find myself rather out of touch with my—er—fellow-workers in London.

OLIVIA: I see. You've been in Australia, Mr. Pim?

PIM: Oh, yes. I—

GEORGE: (*After a loud cough*). Sorry to have kept you waiting, Mr. Pim. I shan't be a moment.

PIM: Oh, that's all right, thank you. Oh, yes, I've been in Australia more than once in the last few years.

OLIVIA: Really? I used to live at Sydney many years ago. Do you know Sydney at all?

PIM: Oh, yes; I was—

GEORGE: (*Another cough*). H'm! Perhaps I'd better mention that you are a friend of the Trevors?

PIM: Thank you, thank you. (*To Olivia*). Indeed, yes. I spent several months in Sydney, a few years ago.

OLIVIA: How curious. I wonder if we have any friends in common there.

GEORGE: (*Coughing harshly*). Extremely unlikely, I should think. Sydney is a very big place.

PIM: True; but the world is a very small place, Mr. Marden. I had a remarkable instance of that coming over on the boat last time.

GEORGE: (*Relieved*). Ah! (*Continued on page* 154)

Goldberg

ANNETTE WESTVAY

A stately daughter of war-torn Poland who is playing Acacia in "The Passion Flower" on tour

(Below)

DOROTHY WARD

Quite an English type, this prima donna, imported from London for "Phoebe of Quality Street" and now in "The Whirl of New York"

Bachrach

Mishkin

MIMI AGUGLIA

This emotional daughter of Sunny Italy is shortly to appear in an elaborate production of D'Annunzio's play, "The Daughter of Jorio"

White

GERMAINE MITTI

La Belle France is well represented by this fascinating, dynamic Parisian dancer, now one of the sensations of the Ziegfeld Follies

Lumiére

GALINA KOPEVNAK

This attractive brunette from the land of the Soviets has the prima donna rôle in Franz Lehar's new operetta "The Blue Mazurka," which Mr. Savage will produce

## DAUGHTERS OF MANY NATIONS AMUSE BROADWAY

PIM: Yes. You see, Mrs. Marden, there was a man I used to employ in Sydney some years ago—a bad fellow, I'm afraid, Mrs. Marden, who had been in prison for some kind of fraudulent company-promoting, and had taken to drink, and—so on.

OLIVIA: Yes, yes, I understand.

PIM: Drinking himself to death, I should have said; I gave him at the most another year to live. Yet, to my amazement, the first person I saw as I stepped on board the boat that brought me to England last week, was this fellow. There was no mistaking him. I spoke to him, in fact; we recognized each other.

OLIVIA: Really?

PIM: He was travelling steerage. We didn't meet again on board, and as it happened at Marseilles, this poor fellow—er—now, what was his name? A very unusual one. Began with a—a T, I think.

OLIVIA: Yes, Mr. Pim? Yes? (*She puts out her hand to George who has crossed to her*).

GEORGE: (*In an undertone, taking her hand*). Nonsense, dear.

PIM: I've got it! Telworthy!

OLIVIA: (*Overcome*). Telworthy!

GEORGE: Good God!

PIM: (*Surprised at the success of his story*). An unusual name, isn't it? Not a name you could forget, once you'd heard it.

GEORGE: Quite so, Mr. Pim; a most unusual name; a most odd story altogether. Well, well, here's your letter—and, if you're sure you won't stay to lunch—

PIM: I'm afraid not, thank you. You see, I'm lunching with—

GEORGE: With the Trevors. Yes, I remember, you told me. (*Hurrying him out*). I'll just see you on your way. (*To Olivia who does not notice Pim holding out his hand*). Er—my dear—

OLIVIA: (*Without looking at him*). Good-bye, Mr. Pim.

PIM: Good-bye, good-bye.

GEORGE: This way, this way. Quicker for you.

PIM: Thank you, thank you. (*George sees him out. Olivia looks into the past and shudders*).

GEORGE: (*Returning*). Good God! Telworthy! Is it possible?

At this moment, Lady Marden, George's aunt, is announced. It is not until the middle of the afternoon that Olivia and George have another moment alone together.

GEORGE: Good heavens, is it true?

OLIVIA: About Jacob Telworthy?

GEORGE: You told me he was dead. You always said he was dead.

OLIVIA: Well, I always thought that he was dead. He was as dead as anybody could be. All the papers said he was dead.

GEORGE: The papers!

OLIVIA: The *Times* said he was dead. There was a paragraph about him. Apparently even his death was fraudulent.

GEORGE: Yes, yes. I'm not blaming you, Olivia. But what are we going to do. My God! It's horrible. You've never been married to me at all. You don't seem to understand.

OLIVIA: It is a little difficult to realize, isn't it? It doesn't seem to have made any difference to our happiness.

GEORGE: No; that's what's so terrible. I mean—er well, of course, we were quite innocent in the matter. But at the same time, nothing can get over the fact that we—we had no right to—to be happy.

OLIVIA: Would you rather we had been miserable?

GEORGE: But you're Telworthy's wife—that's what you don't seem to understand. You're Telworthy's wife. You—er forgive me, Olivia, but it's the horrible truth—you committed bigamy when you married me. Bigamy!

OLIVIA: It is an ugly word, isn't it?

GEORGE: Yes, but don't you understand. Look here, Olivia, old girl, the whole business is nonsense, eh? It isn't your husband—it's some other Telworthy that this fellow met That's right, isn't it? Some other shady swindler who turned up on the boat, eh? This sort of thing doesn't happen to people like us—committing bigamy and all that. Some other fellow—

OLIVIA: I knew all the shady swindlers in Sydney. They came to dinner. There was no other called Telworthy.

GEORGE: Well, what are we going to do?

OLIVIA: You sent Mr. Pim away so quickly. He might have told us things. Telworthy's plans—where he is now. You hurried him away so quickly.

GEORGE: I've sent a note round to ask him to come back. My one idea at the moment was to get him out of the house—to hush things up.

OLIVIA: You can't hush up two husbands.

GEORGE: No, you can't. Everybody will know—everybody.

OLIVIA: The children—Aunt Julia—they may as well know now as later. Mr. Pim must, of course.

GEORGE: I do not propose to discuss my private affairs with Mr. Pim.

OLIVIA: But he seems to have mixed himself up in them rather, doesn't he? And if you're going to ask him questions—

GEORGE: I only propose to ask him one question. I shall simply ask him if he is absolutely certain about this man's name. I can do that quite easily without letting him know the reason for my inquiry.

OLIVIA: You couldn't make a mistake about a name like Telworthy. But he might have told us something about Telworthy's plans. Perhaps he's going back to Australia at once. Perhaps he thinks that I'm dead, too. Perhaps—oh, there are so many things I want to know.

GEORGE: Yes, yes, dear. It would be interesting to—that is, one naturally wants to know these things. But, of course, it doesn't make any real difference.

OLIVIA: No difference?

(*Continued on page* 156)

Schwarz

Lady Marden (Janet Scott) Olivia George Pim

*Olivia: Do you mean he's dead?*

Goldberg

CARROLL McCOMAS

"The worm turns" might be the title of "Miss Lulu Bett," Zona Gale's prize-winning play, and no less so of this study of its star, day-dreaming in a bower of dog-wood after a season of the grim realism of Lulu's drudgery. Miss McComas has now taken to the road in this play

GEORGE: Well, you're as much Telworthy's wife if he's in Australia as you are if he's in England.

OLILVIA: I'm not his wife at all. Jacob Telworthy may be alive, but I am not his wife. I ceased to be *his* wife when I became yours.

GEORGE: You never were my wife. (*Very annoyed*). That is the terrible part of it. Our union—you make me say it, Olivia—has been unhallowed by the Church. Unhallowed even by the law. Legally, we're living in—living in— Well, we're living in —— Well, the point is, how does the law stand? I imagine that Telworthy could get a—a divorce. Oh, it seems impossible that things like this can be happening to us.

OLIVIA: A divorce?

GEORGE: I imagine so.

OLIVIA: But then we could really get married, and we should not have to be living in—living in—whatever we were living in before.

GEORGE: I can't understand you, Olivia. You talk about it as calmly as if there was nothing blameworthy in being divorced.

OLIVIA: Yes, but—

GEORGE: As if there was nothing unusual in my marrying a divorced woman. As if there was nothing wrong in our having lived together for five years without having been married.

OLIVIA: What I think is wrong is that I lived for five years with a bad man whom I hated. What I think is right is that I lived for five years with a good man whom I love.

GEORGE: Yes, yes, my dear. I know. But right and wrong don't settle themselves so easily as that. We've been living together when you are another man's wife. That's *wrong* . . . No doubt, the Court would consider that we acted in perfect innocence—

OLIVIA: What court?

GEORGE: Well, you see, my dear, these things have to be done legally, of course. I believe the proper method is a nullity suit, declaring our marriage null and—er—void. *It* would, so to speak, wipe out these years of—er—

OLIVIA: Wickedness.

GEORGE: Well—of irregular union, and —er—then—

OLIVIA: Then I could go back to Jacob? Do you really *mean* that, George?

GEORGE: (*Uneasily*). Well, dear, you see—that's how things are—one can't get away from—er—

OLIVIA: What you feel is that Jacob has the greater claim? You are prepared to—make way for him.

GEORGE: Both Church and the Law would say that I had no claim at all, I'm afraid. I—I suppose I haven't.

OLIVIA: I see. Thank you for making it so clear to me, George.

GEORGE: Of course, whether or not you go back to—Telworthy is another matter altogether. That would naturally be for you to decide.

OLIVIA: (*Cheerfully*). For me and Jacko to decide.

GEORGE: Jacko?

OLIVIA: Yes. I always called my first husband—I mean my only husband—Jacko. I didn't like the name of Jacob and Jacko seemed to suit him rather . . . He had very long arms . . . Poor Jacko.

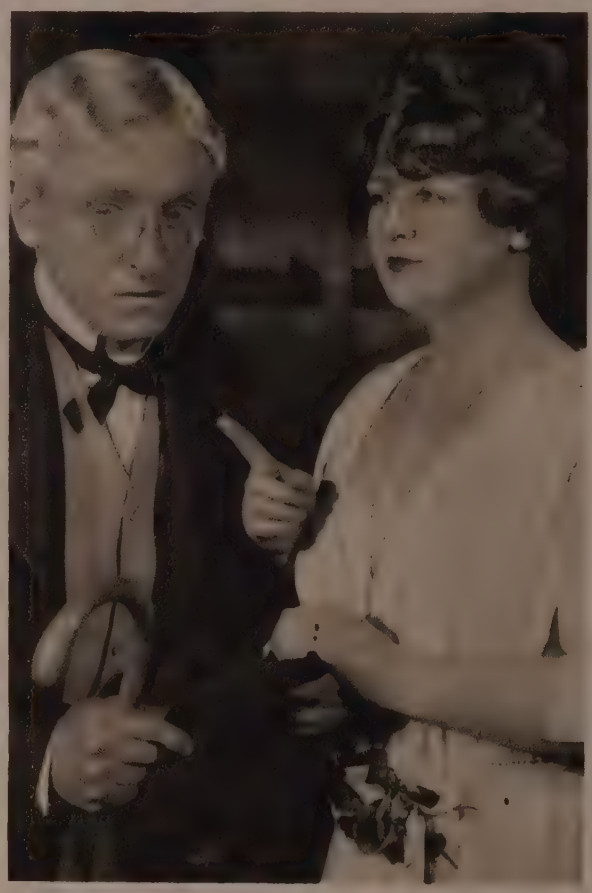
GEORGE: (*Very annoyed*). You don't seem to realize that this is not a joke, Olivia.

OLIVIA: No, it may not be a joke, but it is rather funny, isn't it?

GEORGE: I must say I don't see anything funny in a tragedy that has wrecked two lives.

OLIVIA: Two lives? Jacko's life isn't wrecked. It's just been miraculously restored to him. And a wife, too. There's nothing tragic about it for Jacko.

GEORGE: I was referring to *our* two lives. Yours and mine.



Pim Olivia

*Pim: Now I come to think, the name wasn't Telworthy at all.*

OLIVIA: Yours, George? Your life isn't wrecked. The court will absolve you of all blame. Your friends will sympathize with you and tell you I was a designing woman who deliberately took you in. Your aunt Julia—

GEORGE: (*Overwrought*). Stop it! What do you mean? Have you no heart? Do you think I want to lose you, Olivia? Do you think I want my home broken up like this? Haven't we been happy together for the last five years?

OLIVIA: Verry happy.

GEORGE: Well, then, how can you talk like that?

OLIVIA: But you want to send me away.

GEORGE: There you go again! I don't *want* to. I have hardly had time to realize yet what it will mean to me when you go. The fact is, I simply daren't think about it.

OLIVIA: *Try* thinking about it, George.

GEORGE: And you talk as if I *wanted* to send you away.

OLIVIA: Try thinking about it, George.

GEORGE: You don't seem to understand that I'm not sending you away. You're simply not mine to keep.

OLIVIA: Whose am I, then?

GEORGE: Your husband's—Telworthy's.

OLIVIA: (*Gently*). If I belong to anybody except myself, I think I belong to you.

GEORGE: Not in the eyes of the law. Not in the eyes of the Church. Not even in the eyes of—er—

OLIVIA: The county?

GEORGE: I was about to say "Heaven."

OLIVIA: Oh! (*Works in silence on the curtains*). I do hope Jacko will like these.

GEORGE: What! You—(*Taking her hands*). Olivia, Olivia, have you no heart?

OLIVIA: Ought you to talk like that to another man's wife?

GEORGE: Confound it! Is this just a joke to you?

OLIVIA: You must forgive me, George, I am a little over-excited. I expect it's at the thought of returning to Jacko.

GEORGE: Do you want to return to him?

OLIVIA: One wants to do what is right—in the eyes of—er—Heaven.

And so they go on, seeming with each sentence to get farther apart. Finally, they decide to appeal to Aunt Julia for advice. The vigorous old spinster expresses some surprise at being sent to look at the pigs and recalled ten minutes later to be told that Olivia is a bigamist, but it takes more than that to unsettle her ideas of right and wrong. She expresses her views with customary candor, and advises George to start proceedings for nullity suit at once. When the young people protest vehemently against this course, they are sent from the room, but nevertheless, there is something in their defiance that makes George very uncomfortable.

GEORGE: If there were any other way. Olivia, what can I do? It is the only way, isn't it . . . You seem to think that I'm just thinking of the publicity—what people will say. I'm not, I'm not. That comes in anyhow. I want to do what's right, what's best. I don't mean what's best for us, what makes us happiest; I mean what's really best, what's rightest. What anybody else would do in my place . . . Oh, I don't know. It's so unfair. You're not my wife at all, but I want to do what's right. Oh, Olivia, Olivia you do understand, don't you?

OLIVIA: (*Tenderly*). So very, very well George. I understand just exactly what you are feeling. But, oh, I do so wish that you could— But then it wouldn't be George not the George I married—or didn't quite marry.

(*Continued on page* 158)

LUCILLE HARMON

From the state of poppies comes this charming singer and dancer, an important part of the All California revue, "Sun-Kist." This is the first Eastern trip of these lively Westerners

Abbé

LYLIA BURNAND

There is really no reason why this winsome young lady should look so sad for she has just begun her stage career under the auspicious banner of David Belasco. She played "The Unknown Lady" in "Deburau"

Ira L. Hill

EVELYN LAW

Another newcomer is the youngster who almost kicks the roof off the George M. Cohan Theatre, where she dances in "Two Little Girls in Blue." She is a New York Girl who is now on the stage for the first time

White

# NEWCOMERS IN RECENT ATTRACTIONS

LADY M.: I must say I think you are both talking a little wildly.

OLIVIA: (*Repeating, very tenderly*). Or didn't—quite—marry—

GEORGE: (*Going to her*). Olivia! Olivia! (*He takes her in his arms*).

At this moment the maid announces Mr. Pim. After the usual formalities, George attempts to come to the point, but fails miserably. Olivia helps him out:

OLIVIA: Mr. Pim, you told us this morning of a man whom you had met on the boat, a man who had come down in the world, whom you had known in Sydney. A man called Telworthy.

PIM: Telworthy . . . Ah, yes, yes, of course. I said Telworthy, didn't I? Most curious coincidence, Lady Marden. Dear, dear! it must have been ten years ago!

GEORGE: Yes, but one moment, Mr. Pim. Are you absolutely certain that this man's name was Telworthy?

PIM: Telworthy—Oh, yes, oh yes! I said Telworthy, didn't I?

OLIVIA: Now, Mr. Pim, I'm going to be perfectly frank with you. I feel sure I can trust you.

PIM: Oh, Mrs. Marden.

OLIVIA: This man, Telworthy, whom you met, is my husband.

PIM: Your husband? But—er—

OLIVIA: My first husband. His death was announced six years ago in Australia. I had left him some years before that, but there seems no doubt from your story he's still alive. His record—the country he comes from—above all, the very unusual name, Telworthy.

PIM: Telworthy. Yes. Oh, most unusual. I remember saying so at the time. Your first husband? Dear me! dear me!

GEORGE: You understand, Mr. Pim, that all this is in absolute confidence.

PIM: Of course, of course.

OLIVIA: (*Pulling his arm trying to attract his attention*). Well, Mr. Pim, since he is my husband, we naturally want to know something about him. Where is he *now*, for instance?

PIM: Where is he now? But surely I told you? I told you what happened at Marseilles.

PIM: Yes, yes, poor fellow. It was most unfortunate. You must understand Lady Marden—that although I had met the poor fellow before, in Australia, I was never in any way intimate—

GEORGE: (*Thumping the table*). Yes, but where is he *now?* That is what we want to know.

OLIVIA: Please, Mr. Pim!

PIM: Where is he now? But surely I told you! I told you of the curious fatality at Marseilles. Poor fellow—the fishbone—

ALL: The fishbone?

PIM: Yes, yes; a herring, I understand.

OLIVIA: (*Becoming hysterical*). Do you mean he's dead?

PIM: Of course, he's dead. He's been—

OLIVIA: (*Laughing hysterically*). Oh, Mr. Pim! Oh, I—(*She can get no further*).

LADY M.: Pull yourself together, Olivia. (*To Mr. Pim*). So he really is dead this time?

George Olivia

*The Reconciliation.*

PIM: Oh, undoubtedly, undoubtedly. A fishbone lodged in his throat.

GEORGE: Dead! Dead!

PIM: (*Alarmed at Olivia's hysterics*). Oh, but Mrs. Marden—

OLIVIA: I think you must excuse me, Mr. Pim. A herring! There is something about a herring—(*everyone is very much concerned*). Morality depends on such little things, doesn't it?—Oh, George!

Laughing weakly, she hurries from the room. When she returns Mr. Pim has gone. George rushes up to her.

GEORGE: Olivia! Olivia!

OLIVIA: Mrs. Telworthy.

GEORGE: Yes, yes, I know. But why do you keep on saying it? What's the matter with you? You're so strange today. You're not like the Olivia I know.

OLIVIA: Perhaps you don't know me very well, after all.

GEORGE: (*Affectionately*). Oh, that's nonsense, old girl. You're just my Olivia. Now we can get married again quietly and nobody will be any the worse.

OLIVIA: Married again? Oh, I see. You want me to marry you at a registry office tomorrow. Well, if you want to marry me tomorrow, George, oughtn't you to propose to me first?

GEORGE: Propose?

OLIVIA: Yes, it is usual, isn't it, to propose to a person before you marry her? And —and we want to do the usual thing, don't we?

GEORGE: But you—I mean we—

OLIVIA: You are George Marden and I'm Olivia Telworthy, and you—you're attracted by me and think I would make you a good wife, and you want to marry me. Very well then, naturally you propose to me first.

George dutifully proposes, and Olivia promises to think the matter over.

OLIVIA: Well, then, there's your niece. You have a niece living with you? Of course, Dinah is a delightful girl, but one doesn't like marrying into a household in which there is another grown-up woman. But perhaps she will be getting married herself, soon?

GEORGE: I see no prospect of it.

OLIVIA: It would make it so much easier, George, if she did.

* * * *

GEORGE: Now, look here, Olivia, understand once and for all, I am not to be blackmailed into giving my consent to Dinah's engagement. Neither blackmailed nor tricked. Our marriage has nothing whatever to do with Dinah's.

OLIVIA: No, dear, I quite understand. They may take place about the same time, but they have nothing whatever to do with each other.

GEORGE: I see no prospect of Dinah's marriage taking place for many years.

OLIVIA: No, dear, that was what I said.

GEORGE: You said? I see. Now look here, Olivia, let us have this perfectly clear. You apparently insist on treating my—er—proposal as serious.

OLIVIA: Well, isn't it? Have you been trifling with me?

GEORGE: You know perfectly well what I mean. You treat it as an ordinary proposal from a man to a woman who have never been more than acquaintances before. Very well, then. Will you kindly tell me what you propose to do, if you decide to—ah—accept me? You don't suggest that we should go on living together—unmarried?

OLIVIA: Of course not! George!! What would the county, I mean Heaven—I mean the Law—I mean—of course not. Besides, it's so unnecessary. If I decide to accept you, of *course* I shall marry you.

GEORGE: Quite so. And if you—ah—decide to refuse me? What will you do?

OLIVIA: Nothing.

GEORGE: Meaning by that—

OLIVIA: Just that, George. I shall stay here —just as before. I like this house. It wants a little redecorating, perhaps, but I do like it, George. Yes, I shall be perfectly happy here.

GEORGE: I see. You will continue to live down here—in spite of what you have just said about the—the immorality of it?

OLIVIA: But what is there immoral in a widow living alone in a big country house—with perhaps the niece of a dear friend of hers staying with her just to keep her company?

(*Continued on page* 194)

Flo. Ziegfeld, Jr., connoisseur of female beauty, is exhibiting at the Globe Theatre some of the finest items in his collections, gathered from all parts of the world. At the right is Sybil Stokes, a purely native product, born in New York City

(Below)

Another choice domestic bit, and an excellent example of the twentieth-century coiffure is Phoebe Lee, a Brooklyn girl

Photos by Edward Thayer Monroe

Central Europe produced Blanche Parks, a flaxen haired Austrian beauty

Marie Sewell is another of Mr. Ziegfeld's importations. She comes from England

WHERE DOES HE GET THEM?

JANET MEGREW

This stately damsel, a native of the state that holds the world's record in presidents, did all her theatre-going on the dark side of the footlights until the eagle eye of Mr. Ziegfeld discovered her

(Oval)

ALTA KING

Whoever doubts the value of stock training should study the case of Alta King, who jumped from the Minneapolis stock company into the Follies. She might be considered a veteran of that organization, having seen active service in several editions of the Follies, not to mention "Sally," the piece which now engages her attention

Photos by Edward Thayer Monroe

FLOWERS IN BROADWAY'S BEAUTY GARDEN

Muray

(Below)

VIRGINIE MAURET

An interpretive dancer and exponent of the modern Russian ballet, to whom critics have given special recognition owing to her originality and unusual creative ability

(Below)

FANCHON

From a dancer in Tait's famous restaurant in San Francisco, then by way of vaudeville to the lights of Broadway—that is the brief record of this interesting artist, now in "Sun-Kist," in which she takes the leading rôle

Goldberg

EVAN FONTAINE

This devotee of Terpsichore, seen in Ed. Wynne's "Carnival" last summer, was recently hostess and principal danseuse of the exclusive Club Maurice

Abbé

# HIGH PRIESTESSES OF TERPSICHORE

# THE STAGE DESIGNS OF HERMAN ROSSE

*A talented Hollander who brings a new and virile note to the scenic art of the theatre*

*By* CHARLES H. DORR

ART as applied to the theatre with bizarre innovations of color and lighting characterize the fantastic designs by Herman Rosse, a Hollander of marked originality who is now in America and already identified with a number of important scenic settings.

As an architect, this artist brings to America a thoroughness of training and a freshness of technique which have prompted many admirers to class him as a designer in the same class as Bakst and Gordon Craig. The Dutch critic, de Boer, says of him, "He is certainly one of the most gifted designers of scenery of the younger generation."

His work has already won recognition on the Pacific coast, in Santa Barbara and San Francisco, at Salt Lake City, where he decorated the Orpheum Theatre, and in Chicago, where he designed scenery and costumes for the Chicago Opera Company.

In summing up the art of Herman Rosse, of the works that stand out most vividly among the many sketches and drawings displayed by him in America, the most interesting are Milton's "Comus," with fairy lights filtering through the trees, the Motive Curtain of the Virgin for "The Drama of the Nativity," with its starlit sky, his effective setting for Messager's opera, "Madame Chrysantheme," the ballet costumes designed for this production, and the setting for miniature opera, "La Serva Padrone," rendered with a certain quaint effect.

*Suggested setting for Milton's Masque "Comus," showing Morris dance in progress and the quaint buildings of Ludlow Town rising in the background. A portion of the design is a transparent gauze curtain hung in folds which give the impression of tree trunks through which the town's lights are seen*

The designs for Messager's opera "Madame Chrysantheme" include an introduction curtain, decorated with chrysanthemums, and a setting for this operatic work, fantastic and imaginative, but with a most effective and novel background, all in harmony with the theme of the composer and librettist. The designs for the ballet costumes of "Madame Chrysantheme" were also executed by Mr. Rosse, the costumes for the dancers again revealing the versatility of the artist.

Another interesting design by Mr. Rosse was for the production of "The Drama of the Nativity" and "The Massacre of the Innocents," produced in the auditorium of the Art Institute of Chicago, Illinois. He was obliged to adapt a very narrow platform for his purpose, and obtained depth through the central arch of the setting, utilizing the arched space for distance. The beauty of these designs and the original use of color and lighting effects, and the effective and practicable way in which he adapted the shallow stage of the Auditorium made this a notable production, and revealed unusual handling of a difficult problem.

A sensation was created in the literary world not so long ago when Milton's famous Masque "Comus" brought a record price at the Henry E. Huntington library sale. The "Comus" made a strong appeal to Herman Rosse and he designed two scenes of the early Masque which formed an interesting feature of the artist's exhibition in the Arden Gallery.

Although described as a painted tapestry set, one of the designs represents a pageant, with old Morris dances in progress and the quaint buildings of Ludlow town rising in the background. A feature of the design is a transparent gauze curtain hung in folds, which give the impression of tree trunks through which the lights of Ludlow town are seen.

Among his various designs are several introduction curtains, which give a hint of the play or opera about to be presented. Usually these curtains are embellished with some emblem or flower suggesting the theme of the playwright or composer. Of interest in this connection is the rather delicate design of a working sketch for a pantomime production at Santa Barbara, California, with effective snow scene. The story unfolded is of a lady and her two lovers and their fight for her favor.

The artist has designed several decorative scenes for operettas, one of these being a quaint conceit expressed in a movable stage setting for Pergolesi's "La Serva Padrone," a miniature opera, with members of the orchestra, and the players on the stage in close proximity.

The artist is now engaged in working out a new idea in craftsmanship whereby the stage can be made smaller or larger at will, and the scenery utilized for various purposes.

A feeling for out-of-doors pervades his plan for an open air theatre, while simplicity in treatment is observed in the design for a setting of a tragedy in verse. Another setting of interest is Hofmannsthal's "Marriage of Sobeide," and among other offerings by this versatile artist are the curtain arrangement for Galsworthy's "Little Dream"; "Sketch for the remodelling of the Circus Carre"; setting in curtains and flats of Maeterlinck's "The Seven Princesses," and a scene in "Alice in Wonderland."

Virgin Motif curtain for the "Drama of the Nativity"
*From the original painting by Herman Rosse*

Cathedral Scene in the "Drama of the Nativity." The color scheme in gold and black, the costumes, white, black and purple

# OLD FAVORITES

(Right)

### JOHN BROUGHAM

Both as actor and author this brilliant Irishman was one of the most conspicuous figures of our stage. A native of Dublin, he first appeared in America in 1842, making his début at the Park Theatre, New York, as O'Callaghan in "His Last Legs." Then he joined Burton's company and wrote plays for that theatre. In 1850 he opened Brougham's Lyceum (afterwards Wallack's). As an actor his most successful parts were Stout in "Money," Sir Lucius O'Trigger in "The Rivals," Micawber and Dazzle in "London Assurance"

### JOHN T. RAYMOND

This clever comedian, who delighted American theatregoers in the seventies with his amusing characterization of Col. Mulberry Sellers, was a native of Buffalo. He first became known in New York in 1861 when he succeeded Joseph Jefferson in low comedy parts, acting Asa Trenchard in "Our American Cousin." Later he was seen as Toby Twinkle in "All That Glitters is Not Gold." As Col. Sellers in "The Gilded Age" he won great popularity all over the United States, and he continued playing that rôle for several years. In 1879 he appeared at Wallack's in a new part, that of Ichabod Crane, which also proved one of his most successful impersonations. He died in 1887

Collection Charles Burnham

(Below)

### MRS. JOHN HOEY

This beautiful and accomplished actress,—Josephine Shaw—a great favorite with New York theatregoers in the sixties, was born in England and made her first stage appearance here at the Museum, Baltimore, in 1839 as Eliza in "Nature and Philosophy." While acting at Burton's Theatre, she was married to John Hoey of the American Express Company. When Wallack opened at Broome Street and Broadway, she became leading lady of his company, a position which she maintained until 1865. She was noted for her excellent taste in dress, her gowns being the talk of the town

### KATE BATEMAN

Kate, Ellen, Isabel and Virginia Bateman, known as the Bateman sisters, were the daughters of H. L. Bateman, actor and theatrical manager. Kate Bateman was born at Baltimore in 1842, and at the age of seven appeared in the Broadway Theatre, New York, acting Richmond to her sister Ellen's Richard III. In the Fall of 1851 the sisters appeared in London at the St. James Theatre in acts and scenes from Shakespeare. Kate Bateman continued acting for a number of years and in 1862 produced in Boston Augustin Daly's play "Leah the Forsaken"

# The Rise of the Curtain

*Leading Features in Broadway's New Dramatic Season*

NEVER in the most disturbed and panicky times of its history have the affairs of the American theatre been so confused and disordered as at present. Managers finding themselves confronted by serious questions of labor and transportation await the coming of an angel to still the troubled waters, but out of the welter of disarranged, rearranged or permanently deranged plans, it is possible to forecast with some degree of certainty that a season of average activity will presently be inaugurated in New York.

An amazing number of enterprises will be set in motion by Sam H. Harris, who either alone or in conjunction with Arthur Hopkins and the Selwyn Brothers, has contracted for an interesting number of productions. Mr. Harris will, of course, present Grant Mitchell although there still remains doubt as to the vehicle which will enlist Mr. Mitchell's efforts. Both this year's play, "The Champion," and "Queed," which is a dramatization by Emery Pottle of a best seller of years ago, were originally announced as Mr. Mitchell's offering, but there are rumors of a possible new play by a well known dramatist. Next in point of importance among the Harris stars is Elsie Ferguson whose fortunes have seemed brighter from the standpoint of the screen of late than from that of the spoken drama. Miss Ferguson will appear in a play by the fecund Zoe Akins who will also provide a vehicle for Marjorie Rambeau and who will work over Edward Sheldon's "St. Ursula" for Emily Stevens.

Mr. Harris will probably make an early production of Emery Pottle's play "The Hero," which has already had a matinée try-out here, with Richard Bennett in the rôle originally created by Grant Mitchell. Mary Ryan will be the featured player in a Harris production of E. A. Thomas' play "The Turn in The Road," which will also have an early New York showing. Earnest Truex and June Walker will head a capital cast in a comedy at present called "Six Cylinder Love" which is practically certain to inaugurate the new season at the Sam H. Harris Theatre. This list by no means exhausts the impressive catalogue of plays which Mr. Harris has purchased for production during the coming season, but it completes the roll of those which are absolutely certain of metropolitan production at an early date.

The withdrawal of George M. Cohan from his activities in the theatre is a matter of regret to all who are interested in the typically American play and the typical American player as developed in Mr. Cohan himself. But Mr. Cohan has said farewell to the stage before and afterwards changed his mind, so one may be permitted to entertain the hope that his present withdrawal is only temporary.

David Belasco's enterprises are being somewhat curtailed by reason of the same conditions that caused Mr. Cohan's cessation of activities. It is possible that a number of plays will be produced by Mr. Belasco after the snow flies, but at present he has but two original productions of special magnitude in hand. "The Wandering Jew," a Thurston play of which great things are reported from England, will be done by Mr. Belasco with vivid scenic investiture and a cast of unusual authority headed by Tyrone Power. A. L. Erlanger will be associated with Maestro David in this production and it is at present expected that the fabled Jew will begin to wander at the Knickerbocker Theatre in early September.

A new play for Lenore Ulric is quite ready for production at this moment, having been cast and rehearsed by Mr. Belasco as far back as early June. "Ki-Ki" is the title of Miss Ulric's play, but the subject and character of the piece are carefully guarded secrets.

David Warfield in a revival of "The Return of Peter Grimm," and Frances Starr and a great part of her original supporting company in a "come-back" engagement of "The Easiest Way" will also be seen in New York in the early weeks of the approaching season.

Doris Keane and Margaret Anglin will again appear, each under her own management, next year. Miss Keane has a new vehicle in "The Czarina," a play of which highly flattering things are predicted. Mr. Belasco has been holding this play which is by the author of "The Typhoon," but released it a very short time ago to Miss Keane. "The Czarina" is written around an episode or two in the highly colored career of the Great Catharine of Russia, and is said to have a star rôle of the greatest possible power and passion.

Miss Anglin's plans are not yet completed. After a scouring of the French market for plays, it is believed that the star of "The Woman of Bronze" will continue in that play for an indeterminate time, possibly producing a third Greek tragedy late in the season and certainly appearing from time to time in her remarkable characterization of Jeanne D'Arc.

The Selwyns, both on their own account and in conjunction with Sam H. Harris and Arthur Hopkins, will do a number of plays and are quite likely to control at least seven New York theatres at one time during the coming months. These enterprising brothers will begin their metropolitan season according to present plans with a new play by Roi Cooper Megrue, "Honors are Even"—a typical Megrue comedy with William Courtenay and Lola Fisher in the principal rôles. Mr. Lou Tellegen will appear as a Selwyn star in August in the title rôle of "Don Juan," Henri Bataille's Paris success which intrigued the French capital under its Parisian name of "L'Homme à la Rose."

Leo Carillo in Edgar Selwyn's piece "The Love Chef" will probably re-open the Apollo Theatre early in the season, although "The Puppet Master" with Alan Dinehart in the chief rôle, and "Sonny" with Emma Dunn and Ernest Glendenning have been mentioned for that honor and

the Selwyns hold in reserve the right to open the house with their Chinese tragedy "The Poppy God" if their plans do not miscarry. The latter play will show Ralph Morgan and Edna Hibbard in the central rôles.

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Of course, the most ambitious productions made in the early autumn by the Selwyns will be Somerset Maugham's latest play "The Circle." In this piece John Drew and Mrs. Leslie Carter will be seen in the principal characterizations with a supporting company of commanding excellence including A. E. Mathews, Estelle Winwood, Ernest Lawford and other notables. Olga Petrova—absent several seasons from the stage will appear—herself—in "The White Peacock," an exotic drama from a Spanish source. This schedule is concerned only with the Selwyn offerings definitely announced for early Broadway production—a number of plays of importance which await an ante-holiday presentation.

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John Golden, who has a corner on several brands of successful comedy, will do a number of new plays during the coming year. Already the stamp of sterling drawing power has been placed on his new Winchell Smith play "The Wheel," and this piece will probably follow "Lightnin'" at the Gaiety Theatre sometime during the present decade—possibly late next season. Meanwhile Mr. Smith, in collaboration with "Tom" Cushing, has turned out a comedy described as a "screamer," and called "Poor Man's Pudding," which Mr. Golden promises for a New York run as soon as a suitable theatre can be rented or even built. Frank Craven, who will continue indefinitely to star in "The First Year" under the Golden management, has completed a comedy—this also is referred to as a "screamer," "The Spite Corner,"—which Mr. Golden will launch early in August according to present plans.

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Montague Glass, co-author of the "Potash and Perlmutter" classics, has turned over his first unaided effort, and this, too, will see the light of evening on Broadway under Mr. Golden's management at an early date. "Easy Come, Easy Go" is the title of Mr. Glass' piece which will enlist the stellar activities of the Hebrew comedian "Bobby" North. Austin Strong will also be among the happy dramatists to collect royalties from Mr. Golden who will present Mr. Strong's re-written "Heaven" under the name of "Three Candles."

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George C. Tyler, who may be relied upon to give New York at least one or two really worth-while plays each year, will begin his season in August with a production of the much discussed "Dulcy" with Lynne Fontaine—Laurette Taylor's clever protegée—in the principal rôle. The Frazee Theatre will house "Dulcy" and an extended run is predicted for the new piece. Mr. Tyler will make a production in September or early October of Eugene O'Neill's "The Straw," in which John Westley will enact the chief rôle supported by Margalo Gillmore and Charles Ellis, the latter of whom will be remembered for his quite unusual performance of a gripping rôle in Mr. O'Neill's "Diff'rent" during the season just ended. The appearance of Helen Hayes in a new piece, and other productions by Mr. Tyler may be looked for at a later date.

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William A. Brady will be a commandingly potent figure among metropolitan producers in the coming season. Two productions scheduled for an early run are "Dreamy Eyes" by the authors of "Nighty-Night," and a new piece "Drifting" in which Alice Brady will open her season at the Play House. Later will follow the new piece for James Crane.

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The plays to be produced by C. B. Dillingham in connection with his partners (for Mr. Dillingham is a member of the firm of Erlanger, Dillingham and Ziegfeld) or "on his own" rest on the lap of the gods for the present. So far as definitely announced, Mr. Dillingham will present as usual a super-spectacle by R. H. Burnside at the Hippodrome, but the opening date is still at this writing quite uncertain. Elsie Janis will return to the American stage under Mr. Dillingham's management and with her bright laurels from London and Paris cheerfully waving, will probably be seen at the Globe early in the season. Mr. Dillingham will also present Lennox Robinson's "White Headed Boy" which, with the original cast of Irish players, will be shown at Henry Miller's theatre in September. A musical play by Rida Johnson Young and a similar opus by Anne Caldwell will be done by Mr. Dillingham. Jerome Kern has written the music for the Caldwell piece which is called "Good Morning Dearie," and will enlist the services of Harland Dixon who is headed for stardom under the Dillingham banner, and Louise Groody.

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Henry W. Savage in addition to directing the starring tours of Mitzi and Madge Kennedy, will again send "Shavings" on tour and will make a gorgeous revival of "The Merry Widow" early in the season.

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In association with A. L. Erlanger, Florenz Ziegfeld will present Billie Burke in a musical version of "Mind-The-Paint-Girl," and continue to project into the limelight his new star Marilyn Miller in her fascinating creation of "Sally," as well as to spread various Follies and Frolics upon the dramatic landscape.

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Henry Miller is another active associate of Mr. Erlanger whose plans are not yet announced. It is likely that Mr. Miller may make a short tour with Blanche Bates in "The Famous Mrs. Fair," and it is certain that he is in hot pursuit of a stellar vehicle for his brilliant co-star, but nothing has as yet been arranged to this end. It is quite likely that Mr. Miller's plans may be held back in order that he may advise and actively assist his young son Gilbert Miller who will take up the work laid down by the late Alf Hayman of Charles Frohman, Inc. No one is better equipped than the elder Miller to carry on the high tradition of the Frohman company, but it is a matter of congratulation that he will not renounce the stage for the purely business activities which his son will assume at the opening of the season. No announcement of the plans of Mr. Gilbert Miller is as yet made public, but it is known that in conjunction with Mr. Erlanger and his associates he will carry on the work as laid down by Mr. Frohman's successor last season.

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Ethel Barrymore will, it is presumed, remain under the Frohman management, and it is quite likely that her tour in "Declassée," interrupted by illness last Spring, may be resumed in the early autumn. In the mean time, ambitious playwrights are swamping Mr. Miller's offices with scripts guaranteed to be exactly destined to crown Miss Barrymore with the circlet of Fame.

IRENE LEWISOHN AND DAN WALKER IN "THE ROYAL FANDANGO"

Adolf Lewisohn's two nieces, Alice and Irene, the founders and directors of the Neighborhood Playhouse are both talented actresses and are frequently seen in the productions at the Grand Street theatre, which, in spite of its large uptown following, still remains the dramatic expression of the lower East Side

Arnold Genthe

ZOE AKINS

Actress-playwright who will be represented by four pieces on Broadway this Winter

Schwarz

BILLIE SHAW

Vaudevillian who recently offered something new in the amusement line when she appeared at the Apollo Theatre in five one-act plays which she herself wrote and produced

The hard-pressed typist is Edward Knoblock, author of many stage successes, in the act of transferring "The Three Musketeers" from paper to celluloid. The operation takes place under the watchful eye of Douglas Fairbanks at the Fairbanks home in Beverly Hills, California. It looks as if even a famous playwright must take dictation from the hero of the films

John Barrymore will appear in a new play. So much is definitely announced by three different managers, but whether the new piece will be the much discussed "Byron" or not is a secret locked in the unfathomable bosom of a dramatic Tomorrow.

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The redoubtable A. H. Woods promises a number of novelties for the coming year, and announces himself as under forfeiture bond to produce Zoe Akins' "Daddy Goes A-Hunting," which will open the Plymouth Theatre early in September with Marjorie Rambeau in the chief rôle. "Gertie's Garter—one of those Avery Hopwood classics beloved of Mr. Woods' clientèle—will probably be seen at the Republic Theatre late in July—before this issue of THE THEATRE is on the newsstands. This inauguration of the Woods' season will set the ball a-rolling very busily indeed. "The Pink Slip," with Bert Williams and Harry Fox as co-stars, will be seen at the Central Theatre shortly after, and Fannie Hurst's first play "Back Pay" with Helen MacKellar as heroine will occupy the stage of the Eltinge Theatre early in September. At the Booth Theatre, Mr. Woods will present a new play by a new author—Miss Marjorie Chase—"The Reckoning."

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A group of playwrights, said to include Max M. Marcin, Avery Hopwood, Aaron Hoffman, and possibly including Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse, is said to contemplate a number of productions with hand picked casts and a banner bearing the strange device "Producing Dramatists' Association," flying overhead.

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Edward Childs Carpenter, and Owen Davis are also striving to form a similar organization, and

(*Continued on page* 196)

# MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

GLOBE. "ZIEGFELD FOLLIES OF 1921." A review in two acts and twenty-nine scenes. Dialogue by Channing Pollock, Willard Mack and Ralph Spence; lyrics by Gene Buck and Bud de Silva; music by Victor Herbert, Rudolf Friml and Dave Stamper. Produced June 1 with these principals:

Raymond Hitchcock, Vera Michelina, Ray Dooley, Mary Eaton, Mary Milburn, Florence O'Denishawn, Mary Lewis, Marie Astrova, Van and Schenck, W. C. Fields, John Clark, O'Donnell and Blair, Frank and Albert Innis, Herbert Hoey, Janet Stone, Mandal Brothers, The Keene Twins, Edna Wheaton, The Darling Twins, Phil Dwyer, Jessie Reed, Fanny Brice, Germaine Mitti and M. Tillio.

I FOR one, cannot share the enthusiasm of some of my critical *confrères* as to the comparative merits of the "Follies of 1921." Some reviewers declare it the best of all the Ziegfeld Follies. One is tempted to think they could not have seen the others. The statement is not only misleading to the theatregoer who is apt to believe all he is told, but it is also unjust to Mr. Ziegfeld whose artistry, and positive genius for luxurious exhibits of rare feminine loveliness, combined with sartorial display and scenic settings on a scale of lavish magnificance and beauty never before seen in this country, has set a far higher water mark in previous productions, than is reached in the present show at the Globe.

The chief trouble with productions of this kind is that they are bound to bear a family resemblance to each other, and when the eye has been surfeited by the sheer splendor of Ben Ali Haggin's tableaux and the *bizarre* costumes and audacious atmospheric effects of Urban's decorative color schemes, constant repetition of the same thing—no matter how beautiful—begins to pall. In other words there is danger of a good idea being worked to death. Ten years ago, Ben Ali Haggin's tableaux and Urban's exotic scenery were a novelty. Today they are not.

Take, for example, Urban's scenic tableau, "The Birthday of the Dauphin"—the setting showing a terrace in the Garden of Versailles. This evidently was intended to be the big feature of the second act. A court attendant in a prologue prepares us for something wonderful that is about to happen, yet nothing does happen. One sees the child kinglet curled up in his chair, utterly bored by the procession of fine court dames and nobles who pass before him, each costumed in overwhelming splendor. Nothing is said, nothing is done. The scene fell flat—a great effort and vast expense to no purpose, for the audience was as bored as the Dauphin, himself.

It is understood, of course. that the prime purpose of these *tableaux de luxe* is to provide a pictorial background to what is practically a glorified vaudeville show. That is all the Follies is. It should be a smart skit on current affairs or on the season's plays. It isn't. It is plain, unadulterated vaudeville, camouflaged by Urban and Ben Ali Haggin.

Some of it is good vaudeville; some is indifferent. The *clou* of this year's production is undoubtedly the performance of Germaine Mitti and M. Tillio, two really extraordinary dancers imported from the Folies Bergères, Paris. They were seen in "The Harem," a striking tableau with an Urban setting, and in "Passion's Altar," an Algerian dance with a marvelous Ben Ali Haggin tableau for a background. Mitti is a slight, little woman with a sympathetic face and manner, and a lithe body, as full of grace and energy as a young panther. Her terpsichorean feats, as well as those of her partner, fairly brought down the house.

Another favorite was Charles O'Donnell, a remarkable rough and tumble artist, seen in an act called, "The Piano Tuner." The act is not quite up to the Follies' artistic standard, but it is uproariously funny and made an unquestionable hit with the audience.

Fanny Brice was amusing as a Scotch lassie with a Jewish accent and also in a burlesque Apache dance. Later she was seen as Carpentier in a hilarious fight with Dempsey (Ray Dooley).

Some of the humor was good; much of it was decidedly ragged. Raymond Hitchcock is the chief fun maker and he toils diligently, if his efforts at times seem labored. The Prohibition tableau, with a colossal Statue of Liberty as a background, will please the wets and not do much harm to the drys. The act called "The Professor" was stupid and in poor taste. As to the singing, much of it is negligible. When Joe Schenck began warbling in falsetto, *"Sally, Come Back to Our Alley,"* I thought it time to reach for my hat.

In all, a good show, but not the best Follies we have ever had—by a long shot.

J. Harold Murray, John T. Murray and Dorothy Ward in a scene from "The Whirl of New York"

White

KYRA

An American girl, not new at the Winter Garden, who goes through all the contortions of a snake charmer—and the animals that are charmed—with more than usual skill and grace

(Circle)

NANCY GIBBS

The Violet Gray of the refurbished "Belle of New York" is, strangely enough, an Englishwoman visiting America for the first time

Some of the Whirlers. A few of the pretty girls, whose periodic appearance in gorgeous costumes, add greatly to the gaiety of the scene

White

PICKED FROM WINTER GARDEN'S LATEST PRODUCTION

# ACTORS WHO ARE HIDDEN

*Nobody loves an understudy, yet he is an indispensable factor in the theatre*

*By* BERNARD SOBEL

THIS is a story that has never before been told. It is about understudies. There has long been a conspiracy of silence about understudies. Their names and achievements have been kept hidden; their ways and purposes have been clothed in secrecy. Theatrical managers and the general public have for years united successfully in thrusting the understudy into oblivion.

The theatrical managers have been actuated by purposes seemingly financial; and the public by purposes seemingly artistic. The theory has been that the appearance of an understudy is detrimental to a show; rouses the ire of the advertised star; disappoints the trade; ruins the regular routine; and kills business.

And the theory usually works out just this disastrously. As soon as the announcement is made that an understudy will appear, there is a disappointed murmur in the audience, a shuffling of feet; and then a more or less general rush to the box office.

No one loves an understudy and yet the understudy is a most lovable person, patient and energetic, strangely interesting, and sometimes a powerful influence in the theatre. His or her life is crowded with adventure and at the mercy of chance. Sometimes it is a record of dull monotony; or of futility and waste; sometimes it is a story of triumphant accomplishment.

PERHAPS the best example of the uses of an understudy that the American stage has known in years was that furnished recently when Emmett Corrigan, the star of "Nemesis," was suddenly taken ill. One evening Augustus Thomas, author of the play, was giving a dinner party at his home. Some time between the salad course and the dessert, the telephone rang imperatively. "Mr. Corrigan," came the word, "is ill and has been taken to the hospital. Unless someone takes his part at once, we shall have to dismiss a large audience."

"All right," said Mr. Thomas, "I'll do the part myself. It's lucky I'm dressed to go right on."

Within half an hour the author had stepped on to the stage and was speaking the lines which he himself had written. He had been transformed completely from a dramatist into an understudy.

Triumphant also was the accomplishment of Gilda Varesi, formerly an understudy, but later co-star in "Enter Madame," which she herself wrote with Dolly Byrne. As she sat in her dressing room at the close of the matinée, Miss Varesi discussed her experiences in a characteristic manner, impartially, modestly, but with animation. "To me, there is no mystery about understudies as I have always acted and always understudied. It is the kind of work that no one wants to do; yet were it not for this work I should never be where I am today. Whenever I joined a company and was offered the opportunity to understudy parts, I took them. That was all, I don't take unto myself any particular powers of memory or the like. The assignment was just a part of the day's work. Stars are supposed to dislike understudies," she added, "but I have no such feeling about them. No one ever lost a position by giving a lift to someone else. Remembering how helpful understudying was to me, I always try to give my own understudy at least one chance to appear publicly."

AS a proof of her generosity Mme. Varesi summoned her own understudy, Sophie Wiles, who is an Italian type, not unlike Mme. pliment, and then directed her to speak frankly about her work and her ambitions. Miss Wiles, who is an Italian type, not unlike Mme. Varesi, spoke clearly of her duties.

"I forced myself into this position by constant letter-writing. When the play was down at the Garrick, I went to see it, and I was so much interested in the principal rôle that I wrote to Mr. Brock Pemberton and asked him to grant me an interview. He did so, made several kind promises and then forgot all about them. Later on, as you will remember, the play outgrew the Garrick and moved to the Fulton. I decided, therefore, to write another letter. Again Mr. Pemberton responded, but this time he actually engaged me to understudy the parts of the American women in the play. I was pleased, but I wanted the chance to do the Italian dialect parts also.

"I had studied romance languages at Smith College and, in order to be ready for an emergency, I began to review Italian grammar and pronunciation. As a result, I finally secured the minor Italian rôles also. But I was still ambitious to do Mme. Varesi's part and finally, because of her constant interest in me, I confided to her the secret that I was learning her rôle.

"'Good!' she said enthusiastically, 'When you know it so well that you can say it backwards and forwards, get Mr. Pemberton to hear you do it. In the meanwhile I will get you an Italian teacher so that you may perfect your accent.'

ONE afternoon, some weeks after this conversation, I had the chance to read the part for Mr. Pemberton. He gave me the use of the stage, the lights, the scenery and the properties. Then I read the first and second acts, perilously, line ofter line, until I saw that I held his interest. When I had finished he told me to learn the rest of the play and to continue to study Italian.

"Eventually, he actually gave me the formal position of understudy and subsequently the chance to play the rôle in public. My knowledge of Mme. Varesi's part I gained by a long and detailed study of her gestures and inflections. As I sat on a bench that was in line with the stage, the ushers used to laugh at me as I kept up a continuous series of movements of my eyes, hands, head and feet, thoroughly animated, but quiet as a mouse.

"After my performance, one of these ushers came rushing up to me, saying: 'Well, at least you didn't upset the other members of the cast.'

"Since then, I pass my time reviewing my lines, keeping up in the minor characters and occasionally appearing."

Whereas Mme. Varesi attributes her success to understudying, John Cumberland, the famous farceur of "Ladies' Night," "Up In Mabel's Room," and other successes, declares that he made his progress by reason of the fact that he never was an understudy.

"It was only once in my career, while playing in 'The Commuters,'" he says, "that I understudied and then, fortunately, I never got the chance to take the part. I believe firmly that if I had, I might never have gone any further. According to my observation, the rule works this way: Once an understudy, always an understudy.

"Of course the rule is unfair though it is hard to establish the blame. Prejudice and tradition are the real causes of the trouble. An understudy may be excellent in a part and may win high praise. Yet, when the producers start a new show, they ignore him entirely, and proceed to engage someone with an established reputation. The injustice is apparent; still. we cannot criticise the public for wanting to see an established favorite; nor can we criticise the producer for striving to give the public what it wants."

DECIDEDLY humorous has been Frank McIntyre's experience with understudies. "Because I am fat," he states, "they always try to get a fat man to take my part. They forget that fat is not an asset, and that the successful comedian succeeds not because of his avoirdupois, but in spite of it. At one time, they engaged six men, all fat, to try out as my understudy. None of them was satisfactory; so the management asked me to suggest someone. I recommended a thin man.

"'Why,' they said, excitedly, 'he won't do. He's thin.'

"'Yes, I know,' I answered, 'but you have already tried the fat men. Do you want quantity or quality?'"

George White declares, with a laugh in his voice, that he is the only star in America who is the understudy for the players in his own company.

"I know you won't be inclined to believe this," he explained, "but it is actually true. I am the general understudy for my company."

The truth of these statements is attested by the following fact. The first year that he put on the "Scandals," Mr. White played all through the show, singing, dancing and speaking. The second and third years, he made but

(Below)

"The Dumbells" were the official entertainment unit of the Third Division of the Canadian Expeditionary Force, and took their name from the insignia of their organization. The soldier players gave performances for two years in the War Zone and the snappy war song, *"Oh, Oh, Oh, It's a Lovely War,"* sung with vivid realism and fine humor by "Red" Newman, visualizes in striking fashion the experiences the boys went through

(Below)

But not all of their show, "Biff, Bing, Bang," is about the War—not by a long shot. Otherwise it couldn't have played for three years after the War was over. Al Plunkett, for instance, has a song called *"Way Down Texas Way"*

Photos by Abbé

Ross Hamilton's impersonation of the fair Marjorie might well make Julian Eltinge clutch at his laurel crown. Like all the rest of the soldiers who put the show over, he had no stage training before he joined the army

# CANADIAN VETERANS ENTERTAIN NEW YORK

a single appearance and that took place at the latter part of the last act. Thus he was free when all the other players were on the stage.

One day, just as the curtain was about to rise, the news came that George Bickel, the comedian, had lost his voice and was unable to appear.

"Never mind," said White, with alacrity, "I'll go on for him." And he was as good as his word. Nor did matters of physique stand in his way. Bickel is a big fellow, somewhat stout; and White is somewhat short and dapper. But he jumped into Bickel's clothes and simultaneously into the part, and got every laugh that was scheduled.

Another time the diminutive comedian, Lester Allen, was taken ill and someone had to be put in his place. White, as omnipresent understudy, again volunteered and, regardless of the fact that his part called for acrobatic stunts and knockabout falls, he romped into the rôle and gathered up all the laughs that were due to reverberate.

ORIGINAL in all things, Margaret Anglin selected her understudy by going personally to her home and deliberately causing her to forsake private life for the stage. This is the story as Mildred Fischer, the understudy, tells it.

"I lived quietly with my parents in St. Louis where my father is acting conductor of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra. Miss Anglin knew my parents well, and used to visit us frequently. One day, quite unexpectedly, she suggested to them that I go on the stage. With one so capable to aid me, it was only natural that they gave their consent. Miss Anglin gave me a tiny part in "The Woman of Bronze," but I drifted into the part of understudy unconsciously. You see, Miss Anglin directs her own productions, and, as a result, someone has to read her lines. This task was assigned to me, and before I knew it, I began to take such an interest in the rôle of "Joan of Arc" that the dull exercise of reading cues became a real artistic experience. As you may know, the play was scheduled for but one performance, on Easter Sunday, under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus. So successful was the single performance, that arrangements were completed soon after for giving the play a regular Broadway run. When the time came for the first performance, I was automatically assigned to the rôle of understudy. Once, when Miss Anglin was ill, I had the chance to appear. But only in the last act, alas, and then off stage in a brief speech that anyone might have given. Nevertheless, I am proud of my responsibility. Just what the future holds for me I do not know. But I am looking to Miss Anglin to find the way out."

BECAUSE she found the whole work intolerable, Ona Munson, formerly understudy to Ann Pennington, abandoned the musical comedy stage for vaudeville.

"I could not endure it," says Miss Munson, "the constant longing, the endless waiting, and the perpetual hoping for a chance to appear. Finally, out of sheer desperation, I broke away and started out for myself. And I am glad of it. I arranged my own act and called it Ona Munson in "A Manly Revue." Soon I had the pleasure of becoming a real personality, of seeing my own picture and name in print, and the added pleasure of being called a vaudeville headliner. I'm still ambitious, but I never want to try the understudy path again."

When Frank Bacon was asked his opinion in regard to understudies he was standing at the stage entrance of the Gaiety Theatre, at 1:45, on a Saturday afternoon.

"I'm very much interested in the subject," he said, somewhat guardedly, "but just now I am hungry. I want some waffles. There are two or three other people waiting for me here; but if you will go with me to a Child's restaurant, we can talk and eat waffles advantageously."

Straightway, he turned briskly, marched down the alley and hied himself into the nearest *Café des Enfants*. But only to be disappointed.

"We have no waffles today, Mr. Bacon," said the waitress.

"Sorry," he intoned sadly. "Anyway, I just eat to keep from getting hungry. However," and his mood became happy and expectant, "pancakes will do."

"Now as for understudies," he remarked, launching at once into the very heart of the subject, "I want you to know that every character in 'Lightnin'' is covered by an understudy. We have two or three of them. And I have my own too. He is George Thompson and he's a mighty fine actor. Most of his career he devoted to playing in stock and he has made a name for himself by making parts out of mere bits."

Mr. Bacon's next comment was a significant one and an evidence of his fine faith in his colleague.

"Furthermore, I want you to know that Mr. Thompson could play 'Lightnin'' well. There's no question about it. As a matter of fact, I believe that an understudy has a fine chance to make good. Look at Patti Harrold in 'Irene' and look at,—why I could name many others if I had time to think of them.

By rights, I ought not to be so enthusiastic about the subject because it was the cause for my losing my daughter; that is, she can't be with me all the time as she used to be. When she was in New York she once—while understudying for Jane Oaker—had the chance to appear. She did so well that the producer took her away from me and sent her off with another company to do the important rôle."

THIS incident made Mr. Bacon reminiscent and he told an interesting story about an understudy who had travelled with a comedy for two years and had during all that time drawn a regular salary. But on the very night that the star became ill and the services of the understudy were required, she could not give them for the simple reason that she could not remember the lines.

Contingencies of this sort are averted in the "Lightnin'" company by means of regular understudy rehearsals which take place at stated intervals before matinée performances.

"Nevertheless," added Mr. Bacon, slyly, "we principals contrive never to get ill, for, after all, the only sick actor is a dead actor."

Sometimes understudying means glorified substitution. Such has been the case with Harland Dixon who has just stepped into the cast of "Tip Top," which is preëminently a one man show, with Fred Stone, the one man. Before becoming a member of the famous dancing team of Doyle and Dixon, Mr. Dixon had played the Fred Stone parts in "Chin Chin" and "Jack o' Lantern" on tour.

One Tuesday night, in April, while Mr. Dixon was playing in "Hitchy Koo," he received word that Fred Stone had broken his foot and would be unable to act for perhaps a month. The word is said to have reached Dixon on Wednesday, at dinner time, in Cleveland. Mr. Dixon left that city two hours later and arrived in New York Thursday morning. He spent that day and the next rehearsing. By Friday night, he knew the entire part, including intricate dances, songs and dialogue. Monday night, he actually ap-

(*Continued on page* 200)

# PLAYHOUSE PHRASES

IT will be a long time before Gilda Varesi says: "Exit, Madame!"

* * *

A man who is incompetent, even as a member of a stage mob, is "insuperable."

* * *

A young actress hopes she can remember her "lines." An old actress wishes she could forget them.

* * *

Could the director of a theatrical production be termed a "stage coach"?

When a player becomes "up-stage," it is time to "call him down."

* * *

If Mohammed will not go to the mountebank, the mountebank must go to Mohammed.

* * *

It is all very well for an actor to "move" his audiences, so long as he does not move them—out of the theatre.

* * *

Sometimes a performance "on the whole," is "not half bad."

It frequently happens that after an actor has once learned a few tricks of the trade he is henceforth unwilling to trade any of his tricks.

* * *

Our stage contains many players who can only play "tag,"—and the audience is "it."

* * *

In old-fashioned theatres there was a "pit." In modern playhouses—where indecent farces are presented—there is a "bottomless pit."

HAROLD SETON.

# MOTION PICTURE SECTION

Edward Thayer Monroe

BETTY COMPSON

This screen favorite has now reached the heights of stardom and can keep the rest of the company waiting for her arrival if she likes. She is appearing in the adaptation of a European stage success, "At the End of the World," produced by Penrhyn Stanlaws as the first pledge of this noted artist to stand by the movies to the bitter end

# WORTH WHILE PICTURES OF THE MONTH

By FRANK VREELAND

IN the summer, light fare is the order of the screen as well as of the book publishing business, embracing products that aren't likely to strain one any further back than the eyes. Consequently the films exhibited during the past month have been almost entirely of the pre-digested type.

Increasingly it seems to be the disposition of the motion picture producers, like theatrical caterers, to prepare for release, during the dog days, photoplays that will not agitate audiences to the point of putting wrinkles in their Palm Beach suits. A light, frothy, celluloid commodity is the *desideratum*: something to keep one amused between trips to the beach. Accordingly, comedy rules the roost. No particular stress is laid on characterization or a gripping situation, so long as the picture has a bright idea and fairly entertaining sub-titles, and above all, keeps moving on—so that the feverish spectators don't move on themselves.

BUT amid the welter of comedy that has run all over the screen since the countenances of the public ran all over their collars, the outstanding film has been serious, so serious it comes as a shock amid the current frivol. This is "The Golem," another of the German importations that have lately set Los Angeles' teeth on edge.

Concerned with the persecutions of the Jews in the middle ages, it shows how history can be bent to the producer's purposes without necessarily being bent out of shape. Paul Wegener, one of the newest of the German directors to come to the front, has taken the tradition of "The Golem," the legendary monster who is represented to have saved the Hebrew race from disaster, and warmed it over with a love story, yet doing it so judiciously that one doesn't feel, as is often the case with American spectacular films, that the heart interest has been wadded in to make backing for the scenery. It is a well-poised whole, that can answer for itself in any cinema company.

Holding the interest by a flashing variety of scene and mood, this grand opera among movies starts in Prague, Bohemia, during the thirteenth century, when Rudolf, the ruler, decides to proscribe the Jews—apparently things are growing dull. The chief rabbi, a compound of astrologer and sorcerer, reads his course in the stars and models at the astral bidding, a clay image in the form of a gigantic man, who is brought to life when upon his breast is twisted a star containing a magic word that is the combination to the Golem's inner works. This Goliath saves the emperor and his court when their impious laughter at the rabbi's vision of the future provokes the wrath of heaven and the roof begins to climb down on them, requiring a great exhibition of strength and a look of pained surprise from the Golem to hold it up.

In return for his services the ruler stays his hand against the Jews, but, as foretold in prophecy, the creature turns into a Frankenstein ogre, principally because the rabbi's unfilial daughter likes the way a Gentile noble wears his face. The giant runs amuck, nearly burning down the Jewish quarter, hurling the unhallowed lover of the daughter from a tower and dragging the girl, herself, about the rooftops like a bit of hand baggage until a little child knocks him out merely by pulling the star from his chest.

SUCH an extraordinary story permits of no basis of comparison, for not another of its fantastic stripe, with its mingling of the historical and the improbable, has been projected on the screen—a condition which delivers an anaesthetic to ordinary criticism. But it takes a remarkable grip on the imagination, even more than "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," for that was too much of a clinic for comfort. In its picturesque views of the ghetto, with tortuous streets and crazy-angled houses, it calls to mind "Dr. Caligari," but whereas the expressionism of that film was like a week-end spent in a mad-house, the impressionism of this is no more grisly than some "cave of the gnomes" at an amusement park.

The crowds are handled noticeably better than in preceding German films, where they have too often been no more spectacular than a bargain counter rush. The glimpses of the ghetto inhabitants fleeing from the general conflagration, the scene of the flaming cabalistic rites when the rabbi plucks the magic word out of the air, the services in the temple and the spectacle of the Golem taking the girl across the weird roofs are sights to be catalogued among the memories of one's youth.

FOREMOST among the comedies for summer wear is "The Ten Dollar Raise," an adaptation of Peter B. Kyne's story of the same name which is juicier with human quality that some orange drinks are with citrus syrup. This tale of a clerical worm who turns when he is denied a raise by his hard-fisted employer, and gains the upper hand over his boss when oil is discovered on the worthless land he has bought from his employer's son, is so well balanced that one even feels kindly toward the handsome young hero—and handsome young heroes are beginning to get on movie audiences' nerves.

FLASH the title of an automobile yarn on the screen, and naturally, the face of Wallace Reid must follow it, by the immutable laws of movie mechanics. So "Too Much Speed" is knit to this popular star's personality more closely than by the mere rhyme in names. Where there's a wheel there's a Wally.

This comedy by Byron Morgan is the same model that Reid has so often cranked up of late. A young auto racer and speed maniac promises to give up his track career to marry the daughter of a motor truck manufacturer, who maintains that the world is dizzy with speed. But on the way to the wedding the young racer can't bear to see another car pass him and gives furious chase—one of the hilarious episodes of the picture—thereby knocking his prospective father-in-law off the back seat and into a fit of rage and jolting himself out of a marriage.

THERE is a gay, if somewhat artificial, situation in back of "A Kiss in Time," and it rolls along smoothly enough, largely on wheels. A young writer—it must be flattering to most novelists to learn they're always considered youthful in the cinemas—sets out to prove to a girl artist that his latest story is quite plausible when she declines to illustrate it because the hero wins the heroine four hours after meeting her, which she holds to be more impossible than a movie plot.

ONE a Minute," made over from Fred Jackson's farce, is another of those productions in which a young man who has been a dismal failure in the profession for which he was trained struts to success in a calling of which he knows nothing, simply by throwing back his shoulders and smiling. As the unsuccessful young lawyer who takes his father's drug store and makes a go of it by inventing a patent medicine out of the first materials that come to hand, Douglas MacLean has been furnished by Thomas H. Ince with one of his best form-fitting parts, and the picture proceeds at a merry pace, but the spectator must have more faith even than those who are miraculously cured by the nostrum to accept all of it, even if it is a sugar-coated pill.

SCENE IN "THE GOLEM"

This is another of the spectacular German films that have recently been imported into this country, thereby breaking the nightly rest of Hollywood. It is a tale of a legendary monster used to avert pogroms in Prague, and shows the typical Teutonic fondness for the weird, with bizarre settings la Gustave Doré. The spirit of Edgar Allan Poe probably was an interested spectator at its screening

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS AS D'ARTAGNAN

Doug has been gratifying the ambition of his life in filming "The Three Musketeers," which is Dumas, plus modern American acrobatics. However, D'Artagnan was not caught duelling in France, as Douglas hoped, but has been leading the strenuous life in Los Angeles. This picture is to be Fairbanks' supreme bid for the world's film championship. In "A Modern Musketeer" two years ago he gave a foretaste of the dashing catch-as-catch can style he would use

## WEIRD SPECTACLE AND DASHING ROMANCE

ALICE JOYCE

The movies continue to do their duty by Society, the latest occasion being Alice Joyce's new picture. It is called "The Inner Chamber," and Edward José, noted European director, was the lord high chamberlain for it

Monroe

(Below)

MARY MILES MINTER

Mary has robbed the screen. This dainty and youthful star recently went to Europe, thus depriving cinema fans of their regular tri-monthly feast of beauty. But as it was the first real vacation Miss Minter has taken in several years, cinema devotees were reconciled to letting the Continent enjoy its fill of her charm

Spurr

(Below)

ANETHA GETWELL

The path to distinction in the films is not always easy for aspirants, but for Anetha Getwell her progress has been on rollers. This 22-year old young woman, after playing a few extra "bits" in the movies in Chicago, came East and strolled into fame by winning a beauty contest—a glance at this picture showing the reason. She has completed her first leading part in "On the Back Lot"

Apeda

THEIR FACE IS THEIR FORTUNE

# THE AMATEUR STAGE

By M. E. KEHOE

Scenes from the Vassar Alumnae Play, "The Lamp and the Bell," written by Edna St. Vincent Millay for the fiftieth anniversary of the Vassar Alumnae Association

Photos by
Margaret de M. Brown

# A Great Production of "Electra"

CHARLES RANN KENNEDY'S production of the "Electra of Euripides," is being given at various colleges, with Edith Wynne Matthison in the title rôle, supported by her pupils at the Bennett School of Liberal and Applied Arts.

When the modern thinks of Greek art, he is apt to think of some statue or vase, some marble remnant of a glorious but far-away civilization. At this performance of the "Electra," one seemed to be seeing the actual fluid world of Greek beauty with the thrilled and excited sense of gazing on choral dancers, who might, in the pure beauty of their movements, have been the subjects of ancient sculpture; of seeing actors who, in the classical loveliness of their poses might have inspired the myths of Hyacinthus or Narcissus, or the mournful story of Niobe. It is, in this production of "Electra," as if the marble statue of Greek art, the beautiful but still Galatea, had become alive, at the magic touch of great artists.

Horace Middleton has composed the choruses for the "Electra," as he did for Mr. Kennedy's memorable production of the "Antigone," last year. Once more, Mr. Middleton has chosen to re-create the spirit of Greece in his music, rather than to follow ancient melodic themes, which would be unintelligible and fantastic to our modern ears. "Electra" is a sea play, and Mr. Middleton's music is full of sea rhythms. His rhythms and counter-rhythms give his harmonies the richness and complexity of the drama itself.

The golden light which surrounds the ages of mythology, a poignant folk simplicity, the rush and surge of the wild forces of nature, and the majestic struggles of mankind are reflected in this music, and in the beautiful choral dances composed by Margaret Gage. It is in great part due to Miss Gage's skill and imagination that the chorus in this production is an integral part of the drama; that it performs its true functions of heightening and relieving the emotion of the play.

Robed in sea-green, the chorus furnish an exquisite contrast to Electra, who moves behind them in her purple dress, like the dark Euripidean irony.

(*Continued on page* 204)

**Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy's production of the "Electra" of Euripides, which is being given at colleges throughout the country, with Edith Wynne Matthison in the title role, supported by her pupils at the Bennett School of Liberal and Applied Arts.**

Photos by Alice Boughton

# Community Dramatic Activities

By ETHEL ARMES

## Community Service, Inc.

"DESIRE, plus space and two screens are all that is necessary for a community theatre," said Miss Florence E. Wilbur, Community Service Drama Specialist of the Northwest. "There is no more powerful influence for the establishment of standards and the development of taste than the theatre. Standardization in choice of plays, and participation, according to their talents, of the people of a community will make the community theatre."

It was at the recent session of the Drama Institute, under the auspices of Seattle Community Service, held at the Women's University Club of that progressive city of the Pacific Coast. Here the people are uniting with every increasing enthusiasm, skill and ability to make community drama a live educational force of their city. A second Institute for Seattle will be held in October. Tacoma, Aberdeen, Hoquiam, Bellingham and Everett are other cities of the State of Washington already distinguished in amateur drama achievement, as is also Portland, Orgeon.

Now that New York's producers and managers have stated conclusively that the present railroad rates will practically prohibit the long tours which in the past have brought the country's best talent to the far northwest, it will be up to the states of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming to produce their own drama—or go without. There are far too many gifted and cultivated people in the West, too many artists, dreamers and doers to stand for this! Therefore, are they building.

"FROM my hotel room in Tacoma," says Miss Wilbur, "I can see the snow-covered Cascades with Mount Ranier towering in the distance. Across Puget Sound there are the orange sunsets of the Olympics. Mt. Baker's snowy peak crowns Bellingham. It is in all of these growing, moving cities of the great northwest, incomparable in their natural beauty of landscape, that I meet the people as Drama Specialist, under the auspices of national Community Service, and help create interest in the oldest art in the world—community drama. What is community drama you may ask. To me it is an opportunity for every city, town and hamlet in America, no matter how small it may be, to do for itself what the Greeks did for ancient Greece, establish standards and develop tastes in the highest type of dramatic literature.

"Are these western people, busy with their lumber, fishing and mining industries interested in such a movement? I'll say they are!"

Seattle, sixty-five years ago was a wilderness and today it is a city of nearly half a million souls, and one of the most important seaports of the world. The Women's University Club, where the summer sessions of the Drama Institute took place, was thronged to the doors.

SOME of the subjects comprising the program were talks—all by local leaders in various phases of community drama, on Vocal Technique, the Choice of Plays, New York Season's Successes, Principles of Dramatization, Why the One-Act Play?, Drama in the Church, in the School, in the Community; Staging and Costuming, Art as Joseph Urban sees it, Demonstration in Lighting and The New Theatre Ideas, Readings of One-Act Plays. A number of the subjects given at the Tacoma Institute were repeated. Among the visitations and demonstrations open to the Seattle Drama Institute were Japanese plays; series of three one-act plays presented by The Seattle Players, the production of a children's play, "The Silver Thread," at Collins Field House; a play given by the Junior Drama

(*Continued on page* 198)

# The Alumnae Play Of Vassar College

THE presentation in the Vassar College outdoor theatre of Edna St. Vincent Millay's new play, "The Lamp and the Bell," by an all-Vassar cast at the alumnæ meeting in late June, struck the high water mark of college dramatics.

The play, written on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Vassar College Alumnæ Association, is a drama in five acts and is dedicated to the class of 1917, of which Miss Millay is a member. It is built around the theme of friendship between two girls born out of a four years' comradeship in studies, pastimes and dreams, such as is common with school and college girls all over the world—with perhaps more iron and spirit therefrom than comes to most. For the play portrays a devotion and friendship so staunch and ideal as to withstand every assault upon it from within and without, rising even to heroic heights and suggesting thereby a standard of contribution to the world's work, of self-sacrifice and constructive force and, subtly woven, sense of economic justice and of the Rights of Man.

How might this subject be made into a drama? Trust Vincent Millay! This that belongs to the present day, for poem's sake therefore happens, in the play, in Italy—"in a garden of the palace at Fiori," in the far-off mediaeval time when men and women wore clothes fashioned of sunset skies, and floated like clouds on a hill top; where a Court Jester flashed like a comet across palace gardens and "the things that were said were better than the meats—better than the frolic wine."

Yes—both poet and interpreters traveled far into Fourteenth Century Italy and in their trance gathered of its roses, and woke into today, their arms full, their eyelids heavy, and their voices sweet. Certainly they came upon the quiet green moonlit spaces of the Vassar stage, flaming with beauty, color and romance—gave forth a vivid and delicious sense of fragrance.

And side by side with the gifted girl who wrote the play, stands the girl who dressed the play—the young artist, Charlotte Gailor, Vassar '10, of Sewanee Tennessee.

MISS GAILOR fashioned a hundred costumes out of innumerable old silk and velvet gowns resurrected from attics and cedar chests by Vassar Alumnæ from many sections of the country; old silk petticoats, brocaded dolmans bought in Paris long ago, discarded velvet portieres, cretonnes, jeweled evening frocks, and head wear, sofa cover cushions, lace curtains and bolts upon bolts of old silk from one Vassar girl "whose father ownes a millinery factory." These were cut to pieces, and dyed by Miss Gailor to fit the color scheme she designed for every character and every scene of the play. With an almost miraculous sense of color, of line, of fitness to the mood of the many scenes and varigated groups—each color playing with the other—the designer achieved such a triumph of costuming that even without a play there had been a poem of color and costume worth traveling miles to see.

No getting away from it the play was a work of distinction from every viewpoint, play itself, actors, costumes, stage settings—music. By no means to add, "very good for amateurs—for college girls!" In it these Vassar girls could give—and this is no extravagant statement—cards and spades to many a professional production. Test it, if you like. Take up a dare. Turn Charlotte Gailor loose on the Metropolitan Opera Company and see what may be seen!

CERTAIN of the loveliest and most delicate passages of the play were accentuated by pantomime—a graceful and sensitive treatment originated by Montgomery Cooper '09, who served as coach. Miss Cooper, as Community Service director of Girls Activities of Memphis, Tenn., has had a wide and varied experience in play and pageant production, and the finished quality of the Vassar production was due in large part to her original ideas of play business and her poetic and intelligent interpretation and direction. Miss Cooper also acted in the play, taking the part of the Queen.

Edith Meiser, '21, played the striking part of Fidelio, the Court Jester. Miss Meiser, who is a member of the now famous Vassar Players, a development of Miss Cochran's Department of English Speech, is playing this fall on the professional stage, with Jessie Bonstelle's Stock Company in Detroit, Michigan. Clifford Sellers, '21, of Montclair, N. J., another star actor of the Vassar Players, who took the part of Beatrice, is continuing her study of dramatic technique in Paris at the

(*Continued on page* 198)

# A Community High School Dramatic Experiment

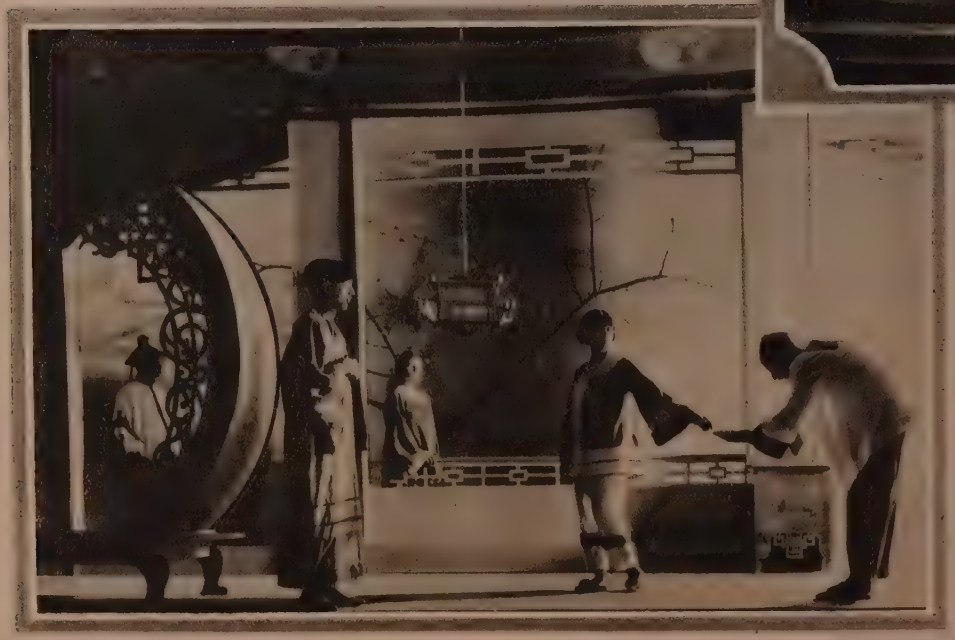
IN PEKIN, a town of twelve thousand, on the banks of the placid Illinois, the drama had heretofore never received more than the usual class play attention and development because there was no one to develop it. And the reason no disciple of the muse stalked from the woods to stimulate dramatic activity was due to lack of sympathetic encouragement.

Mr. C. Hubert Ropp, formerly of the Art Institute of Chicago, was asked to direct this year's Community High School production, and the seemingly impossible was achieved. Mr. Ropp and his business associate, E. McKinley Dirkson, formerly at the University of Minnesota, collaborated on "Chinese Love," a two part drama, Mr. Ropp constructing and painting all the settings and drops as well as designing the costumes.

Ordinarily a class play runs for one night. "Chinese Love" ran for three nights and played to well filled houses.

The play had its lighter moments but was not funny in the accepted sense of the word. It purported to be serious and instructive and to afford an opportunity for characterization by the youthful Thespians.

(*Continued on page* 204)



**The unusual lighting effects, costuming and stage sets for "Chinese Love," produced at the Community High School, Pekin, Illinois, took by storm a local audience that had formerly known only the usual light comedy, served up in more or less indifferent style. It is missionary work of this sort that is slowly but surely developing a taste for better plays, in communities everywhere.**

# The Programme of Fashion

By Pauline Morgan

The extremely decollete bodice, the full skirt with floating train or scarf ends, remains a correct and charming fashion

VIOLET KEMBLE COOPER

IN SPANISH SHAWLS

AND AN EVENING GOWN

Moss green brocaded satin folds across the entire length of the figure in subtle drapery that ends where it starts; at the side. The cascading side train betrays a wide opening to glimpse the clearly silhouetted figure and the swaying Oriental ornament of shredded green and gold beads

As an evening gown or wrap, the Spanish shawl has limitless possibilities. For the two occasions, Miss Cooper wraps herself in a shawl of black crêpe with enormous splashes of crimson poppies, or mayhap in the more conservative Spanish shawl of blue and green embroidery

(small panel)
An advance model for street wear—sage green duvetyn made in one piece with a folded revere, and trimmed with rows of narrow silk braid

← *Ira Hill Studio*

*Models from Bergdorf Goodman*

# IRENE CASTLE LENDS ENGAGING BEAUTY TO THE NEW MODE IN FURS

*Models from Otto Kahn*

*Ira Hill Studio*

The charm of chinchilla is unfathomable—one only knows that it is infinitely becoming and much desired. Miss Castle proves its loveliness in a sleeveless full length cape with a graceful shawl collar

Fitch with its smoldering tones of brown and orange circles a long cape wrap in clinging lines. The collar is rather shallow and close fitting according to the recent dictates of fur fashions

Broadtail, always alluring, has burnished and softened its glistening pelt until the approaching winter season finds it a leader of furs. This smart street coat has introduced a collar of monkey and long sleeves that are cut on new lines

When the circular folds of a divine ermine wrap fail to conceal the delicate spider web design of the pelts, something astonishing has occurred in the furriers art. Miss Castle with unerring taste, completes the picture with a headdress of paradise feathers!

# Through the

By
PAULINE MORG

## "ADVANCE FASHIONS"—

We did not view them on the stage, but these exclusive designs have just been executed for a celebrated stage beauty who will appear with the Chicago Opera Association next season. They are all the last word in smart styles; there is the very long sleeve, the lack of sleeve—the longer skirt and aristocratic treatment of girdles and waist lines, all of which are features, and characteristics of the clever designer who made them!

There is the daytime gown of garnet duvetyn with unique trimmings of mole; the fur at the neck may be worn as a choker in quaint fastening, or it can be adjusted for an open neck. The high pointed inserts of fur on the skirt is the essence of chic design—and the girdle has an absolutely new method of fastening and ornamenting the costume. Doubtless our admired coloratura will wear the second gown on the stage—every line expresses harmony and beauty—a cream colored sequin robe with sequined shoulder strapping to hold up the shallow bodice. A canary yellow chiffon sash floats luxuriously to the floor, held in place with an immense water-lily.

And Oh! the peach colored taffeta made in four long points to the floor, banded in groups of mauve and silver ribbon with lace, introduced in most clever fashion.

The back is remarkably lovely which is evident in the sketch. Covering up the center of the back in such ingenious manner obtains that desired bare effect at the sides and underarm.

## "ZIEGFELD FOLLIES"—

Again Mr. Ziegfeld has done it! For the fifteenth time he has introduced gorgeous, and still more gorgeous, costumes into the famous "Follies." When one is not highly amused or gratefully soothed by the music, one is striving to observe the galaxy of fashions, and taking notes as to how they may be copied and applied to a personal wardrobe. The gown we have sketched in the center offers many suggestions for a dinner or evening gown, and may be adapted without the train for a daytime costume. The sleeve, of course, occupies the attention of the fashion maker, and is of absorbing interest to the feminine world for does it not usher in the salient fashion note of the season? Really the design of the sketch simulates a wrap, saving one all the trouble of holding or adjusting the extra garment. The sleeves are of purple satin, set into the fashionable large armhole, and dripping with strands of amethyst beads. The gown, itself, is of mauve satin, draped in adorable fashion.

The tight bodice with square neck of our grandmother's day, accompanied by a full skirt is still in the height of fashion.

As worn in the "Follies," we have sketched such a charming costume, of rose satin, with a bowknot of black velvet ribbon at the bust, no sleeves and a demure little shoulder cape of pleated satin and ostrich feathers. This fetching adjustment by the by, was worn over one shoulder. The third sketch shows Mary Eaton in a girlish taffeta evening gown of turquoise blue brocaded in rosettes of silver.

Just at the time one expects the slipper to show a higher heel on account of the long and fuller skirts, the shoe makers are introducing the low heel and round toe that we think of as accompanying the lace mitt. There is a great charm about such footwear, however, and we are going to be comfortable by reverting to the modified French toe!

# Opera Glass

## "THE BROADWAY WHIRL"—

And it is a whirl of everything musical and comical and fashionable! Blanche Ring appears in many stunning frocks and hats; all suitable for the gentlewoman. In the sketch we have shown a dinner gown that depends chiefly on fabric for effect; green velvet brocade on chiffon draped high to one side with a fluttering spray of emerald ostrich feathers. The arrangement of the bodice, crossing diagonally from waist to shoulder is typical of a Callot model fresh from that famous establishment. A banded headdress of ostrich crowns the delightful vision. There is no doubt about taffeta being a "classic in fabric"—its appearance always charms! It is noted in the marigold taffeta frock worn by the girl at the left of the sketch—the full skirt with its bandings of ribbon in varying widths, the demure little bodice and the cunning shoulder cuff and girdle are all clever points for imitation.

In the center is shown one of those fascinating wispy gowns of silver cloth, with an over bodice and pointed tunic, front and back, of jade chiffon. The edges of the tunic are bound with silver braid which causes it to stand away from the body like the petals of a flower. When the foundation of the gown is short, the draperies obtain the lengthened effect. Between you and me, this idea is a compromise for as yet there are few women who welcome the very long skirt—there will be all sorts of modifications, but the long irregular draperies offer the most effective solution thus far presented.

## "JUST MARRIED"—

Vivian Martin is too cunning for words in the most feminine little frocks—all made so it seemed, to further emphasize her curly golden hair. Most of her gowns are made slightly Empire in enchanting combinations of soft satins and lace. One that intrigued us in particular was a flutter of finest black embroidered lace net over peach colored satin. The tiny short waisted bodice was entirely of net, with the slightly full skirt swinging in irregular scallops at the hem. Bright orange beads formed a corsage and tassels that swung from the center back to the edge of the frock. This feature is noteworthy, for the very newest advance fall frocks show a varied treatment of either very narrow ribbon, or tasseled fringes hanging from the top of the bodice in the back to the bottom of the skirt.

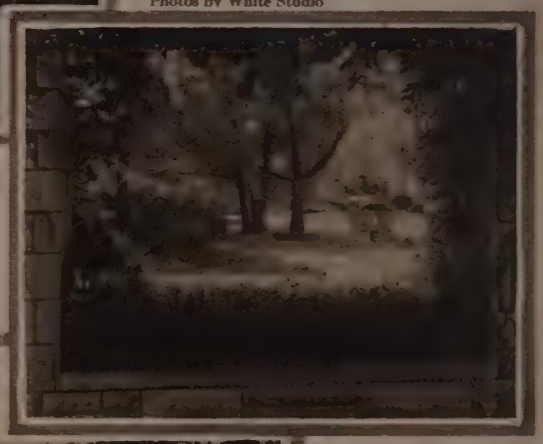
Returning to Miss Martin, we have sketched her most alluring creation—a girlish evening gown of coral and pale blue charmeuse—coral faced throughout with blue, made Empire with a high fluting at the raised waistline. Cream Mechlin lace embroidered in blue forget-me-nots forms a part of the bodice, and is repeated on the skirt where the drapery reveals the dainty trifle. One of the loveliest capes accompanies the gown—cream broadcloth, very full and banded all round with sealskin. The advance cape models are all long and full, gathered into a high and tight-fitting neckband. Directoire lines were likewise emphasized in charming frocks worn by both Miss Martin and Dorothy Mortimer—the former in pearl gray cloth with long fitted sleeves and modified revers, and the latter in a fetching tailored frock of pastel pink duvetyn with soft narrow pipings of gray, defining the eliptical neckline. We are constantly impressed with the stage as a source of fashion—here one finds an animated fashion magazine of unmistakable authority!

"Burkeley Crest," the Hastings New York Home of Billie Burke (Mrs. Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr.) has a charm all its own

**Interiors by Elsie Sloan Farley**

Photos by White Studio

The distinctive eighteenth century English drawing room, the walls of which are painted a pale Adam green. Heavy French taffeta of exactly the same color was used to fashion the curtains, and the large comfortable chairs have slip covers of chintz, gay with pink water lilies, bright green leaves and storks. The carpet is a soft sand color.



Here one glimpses a smooth lawn, and the tree sheltered play house of baby Florenz Patricia Ziegfeld.

Vine covered and in a lovely setting of trees and shrubs, "Burkeley Crest" overlooks the broad sweep of the Hudson River.

A window of unusual interest, hung with amethyst silk gauze, with over curtains of green and amethyst changeable taffeta, —a color scheme that is beautifully offset by the old jade trees on tall stands each side of the window.

(Below)

In Billie Burke's bedroom the walls were painted pale yellow. Hydrangea blue was the color chosen for the under curtains and deep apricot striped taffeta was used in the over curtains. The dressing table is fashioned of two tones of the palest hydrangea blue taffeta and lace.

(Above)

The gayest of English glazed chintz was appropriately chosen for the curtains and window shades in this charming little playroom of Billie Burke's small daughter. The chintz is a copy of an old English one. The walls were painted to match a lovely blue green tone in the chintz, and a carpet was also found to match it. The little beruffled curtains are made of pink and white dotted swiss

The main room of Primrose House, an indescribably lovely place of subtle and bright and soft tones, where one may make a beauty appointment, or purchase a beauty preparation, or drop down in a big chair for a cigarette and a chat

# Introducing the Youth and Beauty of Primrose House

By ANGELINA

THE good old summertime is delightful in most respects but it is hard on one's beauty, isn't it? If the sun and the heat don't freckle or burn or dry your skin, they make it shiny and messy and flabby. You have to give yourself twice as much attention to keep looking fit . . . and if you just go gaily joy-riding over the summer months, you need four times as much attention at the end to bring yourself back into form. Am I right?

Then listen and take heed.

I came up to town from Long Island for some imperative business and shopping on one of those beastly hot days last month. At its end I was to dine with an attractive young foreigner, a recent acquisition. But after hustling around in the heat and crowds all day I lost my enthusiasm for dining, and young foreigners, 'neverything. I wished only to get away and back to the cool sea breezes. As a last straw I happened to catch a glimpse at myself in a shop mirror. Whew! What a shiny and bedraggled object! My "ruby nose"! My "yellow cowslip cheeks"! Lovers might moan, indeed! If my young foreigner should see me thus . . . . We were to dine in a little place he knew . . out-of-doors . . early . . in that tiresome daylight-saving that doesn't leave you a leg to stand on. And first impressions are so important, until it is learned what a perfectly beautiful soul one has.

So I was dragging my feet wearily up the Avenue, and wondering if I couldn't reach the gentleman on the 'phone to postpone the dinner . . . when at the corner of 52nd Street I ran into Sigrid Holmquist. (She is the Swedish Mary Pickford, in case you don't know and she is over here doing pictures.) I must say I was greenly envious of her. She looked so cool and lovely and fresh with her pink-and-white skin that measured up to every test . . .

"You don't seem to mind the heat," I said ruefully.

"Well, perhaps not so much at this minute. I've just come from Primrose House." responded Miss Holmquist.

Primrose House, the youngest of beauty establishments, at No. 3 East 52nd Street, begins its enticement of you with an exterior of green and white, window boxes with yellow primroses, and a little door of bright red

"Primrose House!" I exclaimed. "Where and what is that?"

"What! Don't you know about Primrose House?" Miss Holmquist exclaimed in her turn. "You shock and surprise me. As to *where* it is . . you're standing on its very threshold. As to *what* it is . . . it's wonderful . . the latest of the beauty establishments. Do let me take you in right now. I'll introduce you to Mrs. Morris who is responsible for it all."

And in a minute we were going through a little red door, and up a flight of stairs, and into one of the loveliest rooms, young or old, I have ever seen. Space, coolness, bright yet soft colors of primrose and red and blue subtly blended. Enough of everything. Not too much of anything!

An introduction to Mrs. Morris followed . . Mrs. Elsie Waterbury Morris, to be more exact, and the wife of Gouverneur Morris, author. And Mrs. Morris was just what you would have expected her to be after seeing the room, lovely and welcoming, with a subtle coloring that intrigued you and set you wondering whether Primrose House were responsible for it. . . .

Afterwards I had a beauty treatment, for which they have expert trained nurses. That's one thing that makes the treatments so different . . scientific, since the trained nurse understands the skin and how the muscles lie underneath. I made mine explain every step of the way, and it appealed immensely to my reason. . . And when I left her hands I was fresh and cool—ice and ice-water is used liberally—and rosy and pert as a spring blossom. I feared not dining under daylight-saving . . . I feared not lest I cease to charm my *cavalier*.

# DRESSING TABLE MADE WITH QUAKER AMEREX LACE in the Dressing Room of MISS EVA LE GALLIENNE

MISS LE GALLIENNE, by her inspired performance in "Liliom", has given New York what is perhaps the most intellectual conception on the English-speaking stage today.

Her performance shows that she has inherited from her father, Richard Le Gallienne, her sense of poetry.

In her dressing room is the dressing table shown at the top of this page. Miss Le Gallienne had it made, especially for this purpose, under her own direction.

Strangely enough, it is made of an ordinary kitchen table, with a striking over-drapery of flame-colored silk and Quaker Amerex Lace, dyed black.

Miss Le Gallienne, at our request, has sent us full directions for the making of this dressing table. A note addressed to us will bring these directions to you without charge

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# My Fashion Correspondence

By PAULINE MORGAN

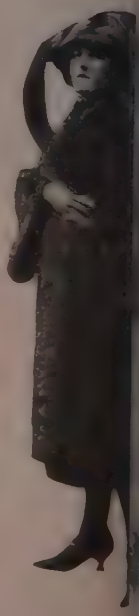
*Sketch by Travis Banton*

The intricate sleeve, the color sleeve of tinseled or brocaded chif is the feature of fall costum around which centers the interest fashionables. Many of the couturi adhere to the wide arm hole with loose straight cut sleeve of brilli hue to accompany the severe d gown. The straight narrow sle will be worn however with the t back cuff on practical coats tailored frocks.

A lovely creation introduced Paris by a celebrated actress shown in the sketch, black sa faced with white, and worn wit cloudy soft wrap of white satin chiffon. Here the sleeve is exc ingly smart, attached to the g with white satin insertions. drapery of the skirt gives the pression of a lengthened skirt w out changing the foundation. H ever, the skirts noted at the P races are decidedly long.

There is quite a little blousing the waistline in many new mode one of the most charming consis of a bloused style longer at the with a shorter effect of wais at the front.

## *The Straight Silhouette for Fur Wraps*



*Ira Hill Studio*

"We have prepared for a reversal of style in fur wraps—from the extreme to the more conservative and practical. For that reason they are more appealingly feminine than ever! Miss Martha Mansfield is at present wearing two very desirable models; one a full length mink coat with long flowing sleeves which also act as a muff. The combining of the skins in this wrap is most unusual, running vertically in the bodice portion and horizontally on the slightly full skirt. Contrary to many new styles, our collars all run large.

"We consider the mole and squirrel combination worn by Miss Mansfield very lovely—it is long and straight and slightly full according to the verdict of fashion. The new silhouette is doubtless due to the fuller and longer skirt."

*Balch Price.*

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# The VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

WE ARE full of enthusiasm for a new beauty discovery we have ju made and hasten to tip you off. It happened this way. . . . .

We were invited to attend a rehearsal of a coming fall productio by a young actor friend of ours. We came in towards the end, an afterwards our young friend came down into "the pit" and asked if w didn't want to go to dinner. They had been hammering away tooth an nail at the rehearsals for days and he looked rather fatigued and gra So, though eager enough, we hesitated a bit at accepting the invitatio

"Are you sure . . ." we began.

"Oh, I'll be all right," he said, "if you'll just give me a chance the club . . . to freshen up."

When we met at dinner, an hour later, he looked a different person . eyes bright, color in his cheeks, the tired lines smoothed out. And really is a stunning looking person . . . you've all seen him, we kno on the stage, or screen . . . and better-looking off than on either.

"What a transformation," we exclaimed. "How come?"

"Shower, shave, mud-pack . . ."

"Mud-pack!"

"Yes, you know, after your shave . . the barber puts hot tow on your face, and then plasters it over with a kind of specially prepar clay . . smooths the skin, makes it feel fine and fresh after."

"You men are putting something over on us," we said. "If that's fine for you, why isn't it fine for us!"

Which started us investigating the next day. It turned out to be psychological moment . . . funny how these coincidences occur, is it? This same idea of the mud-pack—its formula the secret of a skil beauty expert—was just being put on the market for women to use *at ho* Formerly it was only possible to get such a treatment in some beauty parl and we believe they ask five dollars and more for it. A bottle of preparation costs only two dollars and there are any number of treatme in one bottle.

We bought a bottle, at once, and proceeded to try it out according directions. It contained a semi-liquid greyish clay, specially selected its medicinal qualities, deliciously perfumed. We washed our face in wa water, then painted it all over with the clay with a brush provided for purpose. Left this coating on for about fifteen minutes, and washed it with hot and finally cold water. The simplest operation! And wonderf Our face—one peculiarly difficult to keep fresh and clean—was clean down deep into the very pores, there was a fresh pink color in it, li were smoothed out and the skin taut. In fact we had obtained the sa result with our facial mud bath as our young actor friend with his.

The preparation is really more than a cleanser. It bleaches as w even removing tan. It is besides an automatic facial exercise that brings cleansing blood up into the face to wash away worn tissues, tighten lo muscles and smooth out lines. It is far better than the old-fashio massage, which all modern beauty experts agree is way out-of-date. absolutely harmless, we strongly, even ecstatically, recommend it to y attention.

Three most interesting preparations for the eyes, extremely reasona in price, have just come to our notice. They are put up by an old Fre firm, and formerly the American woman had to go to Paris to buy th Now they are on sale at one of the big Fifth Avenue stores. The firs a "Marvelous Liquid" (that's its name) to make the eyelashes grow l and thick. The second, an "Oriental Eyelash Darkener Paste,"—like expensive "mokohul" of the East, we imagine. And the third, a "Li Eyelash Darkener" whose superior clinging qualities are boasted of.

*(For the name of the new Beauty-clay, and the shop where the Eye Preparations may be bought, write The Vanity Box, Care The Th Magazine, 6 East 39th Street, New York City.)*

*Miss Carmen Pascova*
*the noted Australian Mezzo-Soprano of the Chicago Grand Opera Association*

"I discovered Hinds Honey and Almond Cream shortly after my arrival in America, and I have used it constantly ever since. I wouldn't be without it for anything.

"Not only does your cream keep the skin in excellent condition, but I have found that an application of it always has a most decided freshening effect upon me, especially after singing a long, difficult operatic role.

"I am always recommending Hinds Cream to my sisters in the musical world.

"With every good wish, I am,
"Yours sincerely,
(Signed) "CARMEN PASCOVA,
Chicago Opera Association.

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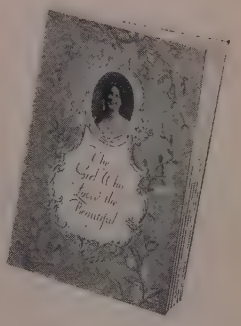
You may be using Hinds Cream; if not, be sure to obtain the new Home Try-out package, just to acquaint yourself with its many helpful qualities. To make the home demonstration satisfactorily complete, we also include in the package our Cold Cream, Disappearing Cream, Face Powder and Talcum; and a copy of a fascinating booklet: "The Girl Who Loved the Beautiful." *Send us 10 cents in stamps,* or a dime carefully wrapped, and we will mail the package and booklet to you at once.



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*POSTPAID 50c*

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HINDS COLD CREAM is perfect for massage, for cleansing the skin and improving the complexion. Valuable for baby's skin troubles because of its potent healing qualities. Contains the essential ingredients of the liquid cream, is semi-greaseless. *Sample 2c.*

*Tube 30c, Jar 60c postpaid*

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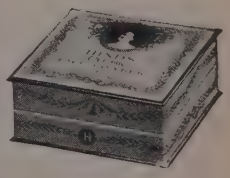
**Portland Maine**

HINDS Cre-mis FACE POWDER is impalpably fine, soft and distinctively fragrant. It adheres with that gratifying smoothness which enhances charm. Four tints: white, flesh, pink, brunette. *Sample 2c.*



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*Tube 30c postpaid*

HINDS Cre-mis TALCUM cools, soothes and comforts. Pulverized to exceeding fineness, this delicately flower-scented, purified talcum instantly relieves sensitive, irritated skin, imparting an exquisite touch of smooth softness. An after-bath luxury. *Sample 2c.*

*Can 30c postpaid*

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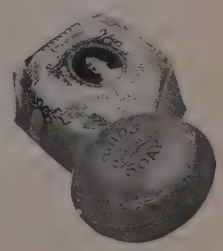


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# MR. PIM PASSES BY

(*Continued from page* 158)

GEORGE: Oh! And pray what shall *I* be doing, when you've so kindly taken possession of my house for me?

OLIVIA: You? Oh, I can't think, George. Travelling, I expect.

GEORGE: Thank you! And suppose I refuse to be turned out of my own house?

OLIVIA: Then, seeing that we can't both be in it, it looks as though you'd have to turn *me* out. There must be legal ways of doing these things. You'd have to consult your solicitor again.

GEORGE: Legal ways?

OLIVIA: Well, you couldn't just throw me out, could you? You'd have to get an injunction against me—or prosecute me for trespass—or something. Of course, I shouldn't go if I could help it, because I like the house so much. It would make an awfully unusual case, wouldn't it? The papers would be full of it.

GEORGE: I've never heard so much—damned—nonsense in my life. I will leave you to come back to your senses.

So George storms away, leaving Olivia alone sewing. While she is waiting for him to calm down, Mr. Pim enters nervously.

PIM: I took the liberty of returning by the window, in the hope of—er—finding you alone, Mrs. Marden.

OLIVIA: (*Alarmed*). Yes?

PIM: I—er—Mr. Marden will be very angry with me. And very rightly—very rightly. I blame myself entirely. I don't know how I can have been so stupid.

OLIVIA: (*Very concerned*). What is it, Mr. Pim? My husband hasn't come to life again, has he?

PIM: No! No! The fact is—his name was Polwhittle.

OLIVIA: Whose? My husband's?

PIM: Yes, yes, Polwhittle, poor fellow?

OLIVIA: But, Mr. Pim, my husband's name was Telworthy.

PIM: No! Oh, dear no. Polwhittle.

OLIVIA: But, really, Mr. Pim, I ought to—

PIM: No, no. Polwhittle.

OLIVIA: But who *is* Polwhittle?

PIM: (*Amazed at her stupidity*). The man I told you about, who met with the sad fatality at Marseilles. Henry Polwhittle. (was it Ernest? No; Henry Polwhittle. Poor fellow!

OLIVIA: But, Mr. Pim, you said his name was Telworthy! How could you!

PIM: I blame myself—I blame myself entirely.

OLIVIA: Oh, you mustn't do that, Mr. Pim.

PIM: Oh, Mrs. Marden, can you forgive me for the needless distress I have caused you?

OLIVIA: Oh, you mustn't worry about that—please.

PIM: And you will tell your husband? You will break the news to him?

OLIVIA: Oh, yes, I'll break the news to him.

PIM: Then before he comes back I think I will say good-bye.

OLIVIA: Just a moment, Mr. Pim. Let us have it quite clear this time. You never knew my husband Jacob Telworthy?

PIM: No.

OLIVIA: You never met him in Australia?

PIM: No.

OLIVIA: You never saw him on the boat?

PIM: No.

OLIVIA: And nothing whatever happened to him at Marseilles?

PIM: No.

OLIVIA: Is that right?

PIM: (*Thinking deeply*). I think so.

OLIVIA: Very well, then; since death was announced in Australia six years ago, he is presumably still dead.

PIM: Quite dead.

OLIVIA: Then good-bye, Mr. Pim, and thank you so much for—for your trouble.

So, having set things straight, Mr. Pim departs. Olivia, however, is in no hurry to surrender her advantage when a few minutes later, George returns in a thoroughly chastened mood, promising her anything if she will only marry him. He will take her to Paris for a honeymoon, will redecorate the living room. Yes, he will even consent to Dinah's engagement, and as a final proof of his submission, himself mounts the stepladder to hang the futuristic curtains.

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## THE RISE OF THE CURTAIN

(*Continued from page* 168)

there is every evidence that the season 1921-22 may see the inauguration of a trenchantly equipped aggregation of playwright producers which will place upon the stage a number of plays to be acted exactly in accordance with the authors' intentions. Ample financial backing is said to be assured these innovations and the outcome of the enterprises will be watched with interest.

---

As a usual thing, the plans of the Messrs. Shubert are of a breadth and magnitude entitling them to first place in any forecast of a coming season. This year, however, the Shubert announcements are withheld until very much later than usual. "We do not wish to mislead ourselves or the public," says Lee Shubert, "by announcing plays which present conditions in the theatre may prevent our presenting." Holding in abeyance all the plays on their "perhaps" list, the Messrs. Shubert definitely announce a new piece for William Faversham—"The Silver Fox" by Cosmo Hamilton. A new Shipman play "Fools Errant." William Hodge's own comedy "Beware of Dogs" and a dramatization of Sinclair Lewis' "Main Street," made by those veteran collaborators Harriet Ford and Harvey O'Higgins. A number of new musical pieces are scheduled for production by the Shuberts and rumor declares that at least ten plays with music—headed of course by "The Last Waltz" will warble through their season.

George Broadhurst will produce number of dramas shortly. One, William Devereaux who will be r membered as author of "Henry Navarre," is based upon a murd mystery which is one of the mo famous of New York's list of u solved crimes. "Tarzan of the Ape will flit from the screen to the sta under Mr. Broadhurst's banner, a with a lively company of anim and human actors, promises to be welcome novelty of the early seas

---

William Harris will continue present Fay Bainter in "East West," and promises another sea of "Abraham Lincoln" and a n Drinkwater play, "Oliver Cromwe

---

Lord Dunsany's "If" may be p duced by the Shuberts who secu an option on the piece some ti ago. The firm of Marc Klaw, L will produce several plays includ the latest comedy, by the Hatt which is scheduled for an early vi

John D. Williams, who has fa from view of late, will re-enter managerial field next month wit new comedy "Brittle," introduc Mae Marsh, a screen favorite the star. Of musical offerings, Dillingham will present Rida Youn "A Wise Child," as well as the A Caldwell piece mentioned above, it is promised that an avalanche musical comedy will slide down u Broadway before the holidays.

## THE JEW AS A HUMAN BEING

(*Continued from page* 146)

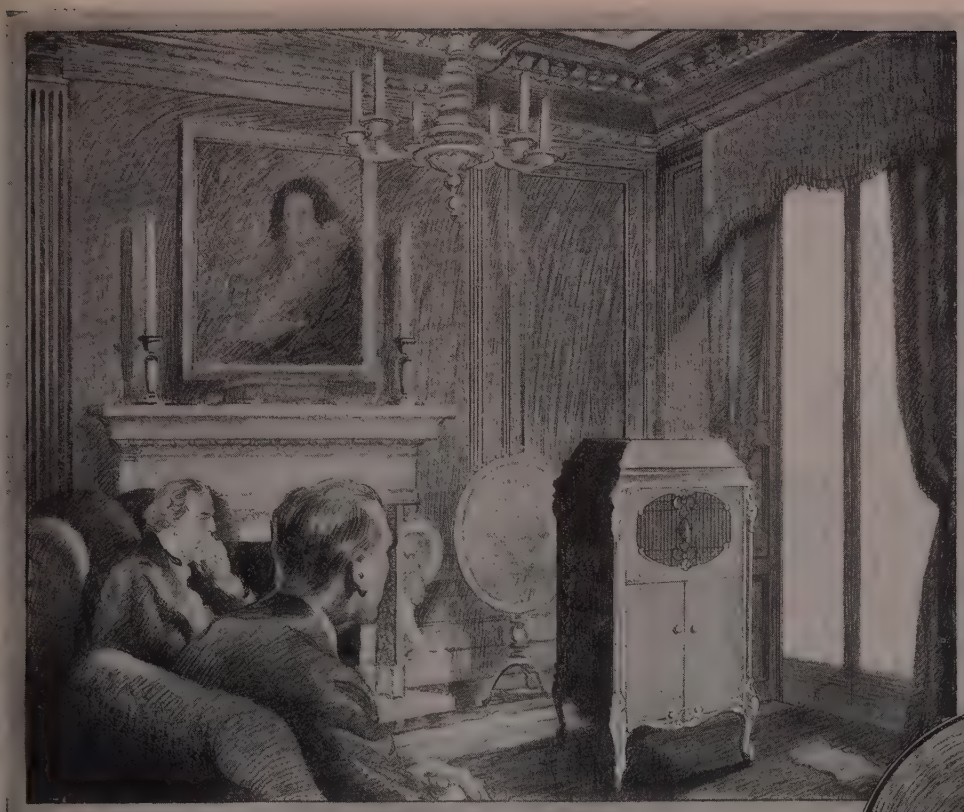
bears somewhat of a resemblance to the late John Bunny, who, by the way, Mr. Sidney once managed in a road show. He is short, quite stout, pudgy might be the better word. He has a humorous cast of countenance, short legs and a slightly bald head. Nevertheless, as Isidore Solomon, the little traveling man who arrives at a small New England village one New Year's Eve, and is snubbed, and discriminated against by the natives, he moves his audience to tears.

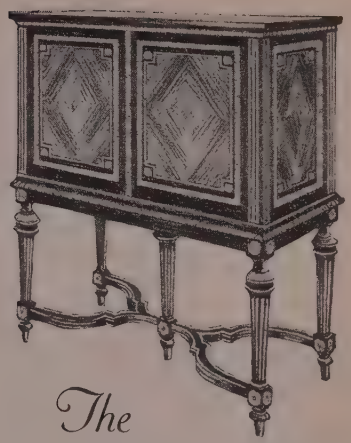
Asked to analyze this, Mr. Sidney explained:

"A comic character very often arouses sympathy. There is something pathetic about the very fact that no one takes him seriously—that every one laughs at him, even when he expects sympathy or merely human understanding. I find that in certain rôles the things left unsaid and undone are more important than those which are not. I have very often found that a slight gesture, a facial expression, the dr of a shoulder, or even a quiet, posture, is more effective than m extravagant acting. What could more pathetic than the stage pic of that lonely, badly treated, ki Jew standing there in the hotel l on New Year's Eve, deprived c bed to sleep in because of his r What could I do to make him ap more pathetic than he actually w So I merely stand still, hunch shoulders a mere trifle perhaps, let my facial expression and silent, lonely figure do the rest. an audience isn't going to be m by that sight it never will be by thing else.

"No, I never could go back t beard-and-dialect days.

"I enjoy too much depicting average Jew as he actually whether he is a comedy-characte a straight drama one—kindly, able, sympathetic, eager to help underdog, and, generally, an round, regular human being.





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# Vassar Alumnae Play

(*Continued from page* 179)

Sorbonne, on a Vassar Fellowship.

AMONG other persons of the play were the following: Julia Lovejoy Cuniberti, '11, Valeria Knapp, '20, Louisa Brooke Jones, '07, Esther Saville Davis, '06, Muriel Iszard, '17, Eleanor Kissam, '20, Lucia Cole Waram, '01, Katherine Jones, '20, Gertrude Taylor Watkins, '07, Lucille Stimson Harvey, '04, Marcelle Furman Newberg, '19, Ruth Delapenha, '17, Emily Gallagher, '21, Lucy Madeira Wing, '96, Anna Platt, '09, Lois Duffie, '20, Frances Stout Kallman, '17, Kathleen Millay Young, ex-'21, Dorothy Comstock, '19, Lillian White, '18, Caroline Goodrich, '16, Sylvia Brockway, '20, Katherine Haywood, '19, Janet Lane, '18, Margaret Hughes, '18, Ellen Hasbrouck, '15, Eleanor Ray Broenniman, '99, Virginia Archibold, '17, Kitty Riley, Joy MacCracken, Catherine Barr, '20, Mabel Hastings Humpstone, '94, Olive Remington, '19, Caroline Curtiss Johnson, '83, Helen Hoy Greeley, '99, Frances Haldeman Sidwell, '84, Ruth Benedict, '20, Maiserie MacCracken, '21, Agnes Rogers, '16, Frances Sidwell, '84.

There were in all over 200 Vassar Alumnæ serving in the play and on its committees. The general manager of the production was Ruth Dunbar Elder, '20, of Winchester, Mass., assistant director of the Dramatic Department of Boston Community Service. Miss Elder is the daughter of the late Samuel J. Elder, President of the Boston Bar Association. Rehearsals of the various sections of the play had to be carried on in several localities. Every possible difficulty and handicap that adverse fortune could devise confronted the producers. Miss Elder showed a superb captaincy. The orchestra was made up of the following alumnæ: Edith James, '08, Kathryn Starbuck, '11, Bernice Marks Stearns, '13, Ruth Farnham, '15, Gertrude Farnham, '16, Clarine Neff, '17, Constance Myers, '19, Margaret Ginn, '20.

CHARLOTTE GAILOR, '10, was chairman of the committee on costumes. Miss Gailor is a daughter of Bishop Gailor, President of the Council of the Protestant-Episcopal churches of the United States. She did the costumes for the Tennessee Pageant by Joseph Linden Smith and for Montgomery Cooper's production of "Antigone," at Sewanee, last season. In the Vassar production she was ably assisted by Margaret Staley Brown, '19, of Kew Gardens, L. I., and many others.

Mrs. Miska Petersham, Margaret Fuller, '12, was in charge of the stage settings and designs, assisted by Helen Morris, '20, and Winsor Abbott, '19, of Boston Art Museum. Mary McKittrick of "47 Workshop" headed the committee on stage properties, assisted by Josephine Bender, Courtney Carroll, on the teaching staff of Bennett School, Milbrook, New York, was chairman of the Music Committee, assisted by Margaret Peabody of Boston.

Caroline Ware, '20, of Boston headed the Lighting Committee; Katherine Biggs, '20, of New York, Business; Muriel Iszard, '17, make-up; Katherine Treat, '20, Laura Williams, '19, Helen Morton, '20, Elizabeth Hewins, '18, Marjorie Thomas, '20.

Witnessing the play was an audience of over 3,000 persons made up of Vassar faculty, distinguished guests, of the visiting alumnæ from nearly every State in the Union, and also from Japan, and some European countries.

## Community Dramatic Activities

(*Continued from page* 179)

League of Broadway High School, and "Arms and the Man," presented by The Worker's College Players.

A special exhibit of plays, model stages, pictures and magazines was held.

Those directing and contributing to the program were as follows: Chester E. Roberts, Chairman Seattle Community Service; Mrs. Howard A. Hanson, Chairman Drama Institute Committee; Florence E. Wilbur, Dean of the Institute; Nellie C. Cornish, Head of Cornish School; Melbena La Follette of Cornish School; Mary Estelle Walters, E... High School; Margaret Akin, Fra... lin High School; Glenn A. Hugh... University of Washington; Jan... Land Ellis, University of Washi... ton; Mrs. Donna Elder Jacks... Frank Price Giles, Mrs. Robert ... Sandall, Community Service; A... Nordell, Broadway High Scho... Clara R. Cross, student of Urba... Grace Barnes, Ruth Kerr, Rich... Odlin, Cornish Puppeteers; M... Alice Henson Ernst, University ... Washington; Alfred W. Lue... Costumer; D. H. Painter, of Co... munity Service; William P. Gorst...

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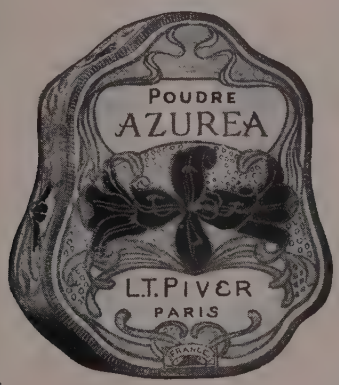


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## SHAKESPEARE UP TO DATE

(*Concluded from page* 148)

sir, how does it happen that you are here at night in my wife's closet?

CASSIO: I came to see you on business . . .

OTHELLO: On business? . . in the night time?

CASSIO: Business which cannot be delayed. You have business yourself at night, sometimes! You just said so yourself a minute ago!

DESDEMONA: (*Interfering*). Yes, you said it yourself!

OTHELLO: (*A little disconcerted*). Fine business, indeed!

CASSIO: I came on business, and decided to wait for you! But that you should not think anything wrong at finding me here, I discreetly hid myself in the closet!

OTHELLO: Hm! Hm! Then you heard everything?

CASSIO: Everything . . . .

OTHELLO: And . . . and . . . (*rubbing his cheek*) the applause too?

CASSIO: Yes, the applause, too.

OTHELLO: Hm! . . . . How naughty to hide one's self in other people's closets! But tell me, what is the nature of this pressing business?

CASSIO: I want to ask you to promote me to Captain.

OTHELLO: Hm! . . . . yes . . . is that so? And you call that pressing business?

CASSIO: Yes, I would like to wake up tomorrow morning as Captain.

OTHELLO: All right . . . . awake! . . . I consent! . . . I promote you to Captain!

CASSIO: Thank you, sir! Good night, Mme. Desdemona! Good night, Your Excellency! (*Goes toward the door; Othello stops him.*)

OTHELLO: But not a word about all that has happened here.

CASSIO: (*Raising his hand*) I swear!

OTHELLO: Nor about the applause, either!

CASSIO: (*Striking himself on the chest*). Am I not a gentleman? (*Goes out*).

CURTAIN

## ACTORS WHO ARE HIDDEN

(*Concluded from page* 172)

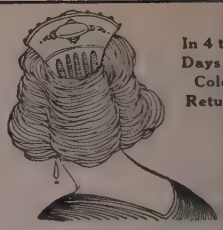
peared in the rôle and, with such success that he had to respond to a tumultuous curtain call.

Once Francine Larrimore, now the star of "Nice People," startled the press and public by learning the part of Madge Kennedy in one night and performing with faultless success. The ability to execute such amazing *tour de force* is said to be only one of Miss Larrimore's many accomplishments.

Louis Mann declares that the real beginning of his career started with one line which he spoke as an understudy in a curtain raiser entitled, "The Salt Seller." The man engaged for the rôle did not return to the cast and so Mr. Mann kept it and developed it to such an extent that the one line, with all the additional business, became hundreds of lines and the most important part of the play. After he had toured the country in this play, Mr. Mann came to New York where he was caricatured and lauded extensively by the press.

Incidentally, the fallibility of critics is occasionally exposed by the feats of understudies. At one time, it is said, John Barrymore was unable to make his first appearance in a certain city because of a death in his family. As a result, his stage manager went on and played his part, with an effectiveness that surprised even him because the next day the critics ranted about him. One critic called him the greatest of the Barrymore family. Another spoke of his close resemblance to his relatives, the Drews. All were unanimous in their praise of the Barrymore genius!

The movies are still behind the legitimate stage in these matters, for though it is well known that many of the film stars have understudies no word about them is ever permitted to reach the public. Nor is the lot of the motion picture understudy particularly happy. He or she must go through all the tedious rehearsals while the star stands by chatting with the director. But when the dangerous scenes are photographed, the understudy must do all the real work, jumping off bridges, escaping from burning buildings and undergoing all the scores of perils that are indigenous to filmdom.

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## THEATRE IN AMERICA

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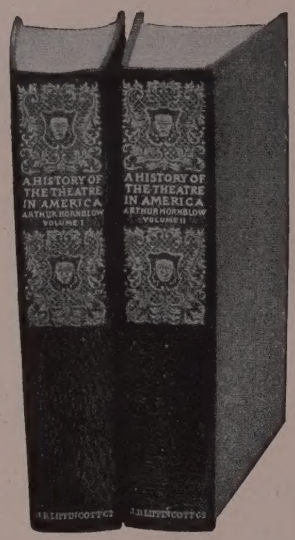


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# READERS WANT TO KNOW

*The editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Prices of back numbers will be quoted by mail, on request. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored*

*HAVING attended the opening performance of the film version of "The Queen of Sheba," I should like to know the cast that sang the opera of that name on December 19, 1885. —L. S., Newark, N. J.*

Goldmark's "Die Königen von Saba," had its first performance in America on December 2, 1885, when it was sung in German by the following cast: Sulamith, Lili Lehman; Die Königen, Frau Krämer-Wiedl; Astoroth, Marianne Brandt; Solomon, Adolf Robinson; Assad, Albert Stritt; Hohepriester, Emil Fischer; Baal Hanan, Herr Alexi. Anton Seidl conducted. At subsequent performances, Max Alvary replaced Stritt as Assad. The opera was given fifteen performances during the season 1885-6, and four the following season.

*HOW many people can the New York Hippodrome hold?—N. E. C.—Providence, R. I.*

The seating capacity of the Hippodrome is 5,274.

*AFTER having seen Lionel Atwell in "Deburau," I gathered the impression that after Deburau had discovered that Marie Duplessis was unfaithful to him, that he returned to the stage, and continued to act until his health broke, and we see him seven years later, an invalid of a comparatively short time. M friend, on the other hand, though that Deburau, when he learned o Marie's affection for Armand, ha immediately retired from the stag and had never acted from that tim Which interpretation is correct?—A L. E., New York.*

Your understanding is correc Deburau had been absent from th theatre but a short time. No suc cessor had been chosen, and everyon expected him to return to the stag which would hardly have been th case, had he been away for seve years. The text, however, is mo than a little ambiguous in this respec

*WILL you kindly advise me wh was in the cast of "Jim, th Penman," when this play was fir produced in this country?—A. R. C Cleveland, Ohio.*

Sir Charles Young's melodram "Jim, the Penman," was first pr duced in New York at the Madiso Square Theatre on November 1, 18 with Agnes Booth in the rôle of th wife. Others in the cast were Fre eric Robinson, W. J. Le Moyne, M. Holland, Louis F. Masse Walden Ramsay, C. P. Flockto Harry Holliday, William Davidg Maude Harrison, Mrs. E. J. Phillip H. M. Pitt, Herbert Millward, M Robson.

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The École Maternelle Française was founded under the auspices of The Alliance Française and received its charter on October 4th, 1904.

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## A COMMUNITY HIGH SCHOOL DRAMATIC EXPERIMENT

(*Continued from page* 180)

The authors had some apprehension in going before a local audience with "Chinese Love" because local people came expecting to laugh at horse-play, ill-fitting costumes, incongruous make-up and see the student actors forget their lines.

The audience that saw "Chinese Love" were agreeably surprised.

Instead of the hackneyed scenery, they saw a colorful and gorgeous interior that was made effective by the unconventional lighting scheme. They saw costumes that were exact replicas of Chinese costumes, that blended into a harmonious whole and revealed a profound knowledge of composition on the part of the d rector. They found that the player not only did not forget their line but in another sense did forget the for the spirit of the action, and gav very creditable characterizations.

When a town whose dramatic ap petite was supposedly only to b appeased by light comedy com pounded of five parts laughter, thre parts incongruities and two part filler, turns out for three nights t a play like "Chinese Love," it is a indication that Community dramat taste, like individual taste, can b cultivated if the proper pabulum offered it.

## A GREAT PRODUCTION OF ELECTRA

(*Continued from page* 178)

As Electra, Edith Wynne Matthison gives a performance at once heroic and subtle. Her peculiar fitness for the great Greek rôles has been recognized ever since she created the part of Electra in Gilbert Murray's translation of the play, at the Court Theatre in London. As this lonely, brooding woman, she is regal, darkly passionate, deeply and profoundly human and moving.

Miss Matthison's great subtlety of imagination is nowhere more strikingly shown than in her interpretation of the heroine's feeling just before Clytemnestra's murder. When she cries out for peace "peace from her father's blood," one feels she is taking part in the hideous crime of mother-murder, less through hatred, than a desire to escape from a to turing obsession, in the lucidity an finality of action. To the rapt aud ence, Electra, rather than Clytem nestra, seems the tragic victim.

And after the deed, what pity an terror Miss Matthison arouses in t by her anguish of remorse! T woman, who has helped to slay h mother, becomes a mother herse in her yearning grief for the grie stricken Orestes.

Electra's supreme beauty, at t moment of her farewell to h brother, is a thing never to be fo gotten. And one will long remembe Orestes' face, as he stands cheek cheek with Electra. It is like masque of pale, honey-colored marb in its tragic immobility.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

Introduction to the Merchant of Venice. By Harris Jay Griston. Cleveland, The Haysmar Publishers.

The Shepherd in the Distance. By Holland Hudson. Pantomime in three scenes. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Co.

The British and American Drama of Today. By Barrett H. Clark. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company.

Flame and Shadow. By Sara Teasdale. Poems. New York: Macmillan.

The Light of the World. By Guy Bolton and George Middleton. Drama in three acts. New York: Henry Holt & Company.

Fifty Contemporary One Act Plays. Selected and edited by Frank Shay and Pierre Loving. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company.

The Wisdom of the Chinese. Selections from Chinese philosoph edited by Brian Brown. N York: Brentano's.

The Feast of Lanterns. By Za Grey. New York: Harper's.

The Mountebank. By William Locke. New York: John La

The Fourth Dimension. Horace Annesley Vachell. N York: George H. Doran.

Revolution. J. D. Beresford. novel of the near future in E land. G. P. Putnam's Sons, N York.

The Next War. Will Irwin. P. Dutton & Company. New Yo

The Brassbounder. David Bo New York: E. P. Dutton & Co pany.

The Profiteers. E. Phillips Opp heim. Boston: Little, Brown Company.

Practical Hints on Training the Stage. Agnes Platt. N York: E. P. Dutton and Compa

## NEW VICTOR RECORDS

"Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," Miss Garrison's new Victor Record for August, is one of those old plantation melodies which are great music because of their simplicity. It reaches the deepest thoughts and the highest aspirations of humankind. "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," one of the most strangely, most weirdly beautiful of all, is now a wonderful record, sung with immense sympa and understanding in a voice of p silver.

Mischa Elman has chosen for gust a "Contredanse" by Beetho which is delicate, tripping, play filled with the spirit of the da but also exhibits the rugged stre that underlies everything Beetho wrote.



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